







A
Country Wedding,

AND OTHER

POEMS,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF SCOTTISH CHARACTER

AND

Manners in the Country.

BY

ALEXANDER FORDYCE.

~~~~~  
My simple Muse claims no Parnassian wreath,  
No flaunting robe on Helicon bedewed;  
Her native manners are the strains she'd breathe,  
Love for her country, and her country's good.  
~~~~~

LANARK

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# CONTENTS.

77

|                                                                                                        |           |         |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------|---------|
| <i>A Country Wedding,</i>                                                                              | - - - - - | Page 13 |
| <i>Tea-Table Talk,</i>                                                                                 | - - - - - | 45      |
| <i>The Smiddie,</i>                                                                                    | - - - - - | 63      |
| <i>A bad Apology for a worse Subject,</i>                                                              | - - -     | 91      |
| <i>Address to the Author's Birth Day, on reach-</i><br><i>ing his 21st year,</i>                       | - - - - - | 100     |
| <i>Address to the Comet of 1811,</i>                                                                   | - - - - - | 105     |
| <i>The Kirk Squabble, a vision,</i>                                                                    | - - - - - | 108     |
| <i>Clerical Conscience, a Tale, (in imitation of</i><br><i>Crabbe,)</i>                                | - - - - - | 116     |
| <i>Address to Burns' Grave, 1807,</i>                                                                  | - - - - - | 119     |
| <i>A Mother's Address to the Annual return of the</i><br><i>day on which her infant Daughter died,</i> | -         | 121     |
| <i>On the death of a Friend,</i>                                                                       | - - - - - | 125     |
| <i>On a Brother's death,</i>                                                                           | - - - - - | 128     |
| <i>Inscription for a Monument to the Memory of</i><br><i>Sir John Moore,</i>                           | - - - - - | 131     |
| <i>The Spail Horse, an Elegy,</i>                                                                      | - - - - - | 133     |
| <i>Supposed by a young Lady on leaving her</i><br><i>Native for America,</i>                           | - - - - - | 136     |
| <i>Law Intelligence, Crib v. Cooper,</i>                                                               | - - -     | 139     |
| <i>A Valentine for Miss S**** G*****, on the</i><br><i>eve of her Marriage, (wrote for a Friend,)</i>  |           | 145     |
| <i>To Walter Scott, Esq. on reading his Lady of</i><br><i>the Lake,</i>                                | - - - - - | 149     |

|                                                                                              |           |     |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------|-----|
| <i>To Stella, on Love,</i>                                                                   | - - - - - | 153 |
| <i>Petition to the Hon. the Board of Excise 1812,</i>                                        |           | 159 |
| <i>On reading in the Newspapers that a Sow had<br/>pulled a man's watch from his pocket,</i> | -         | 162 |
| <i>An Essay on Old Maids,</i>                                                                | - - - - - | 165 |
| <i>A Consultation, 1810,</i>                                                                 | - - - - - | 172 |
| <i>The Haystack,</i>                                                                         | - - - - - | 178 |

## EPISTLES.

|                                                                                       |           |     |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------|-----|
| <i>To Mr. John Bell, author of Cartlane Craigs,<br/>a Poem,</i>                       | - - - - - | 183 |
| <i>To the same, on the Publication of his Cartlane<br/>Craigs,</i>                    | - - - - - | 187 |
| <i>To Mr. J*** C*****, Lanark,</i>                                                    | - -       | 190 |
| <i>To Mrs. R***, on her Wedding Night,</i>                                            | -         | 195 |
| <i>To Mr. George Fordyce, Leadhills,</i>                                              | - - -     | 199 |
| <i>To J——W——, Esq. a transcript of, part,<br/>his Political Creed, August 1816,</i>   | - -       | 203 |
| <i>To Mr. A***** W*****, Newton of Douglass,</i>                                      |           | 208 |
| <i>To Mr. A. J. H*****, Surgeon in the Hon.<br/>the East India Company's Service,</i> | -         | 213 |
| <i>Wrote on the Hill above Enterkin,</i>                                              | - - -     | 221 |

## SONGS.

|                                         |           |     |
|-----------------------------------------|-----------|-----|
| <i>The Maid's Mind—plain dealing,</i>   | - - -     | 223 |
| <i>Kiss me fast my mither's comin',</i> | - - - -   | 225 |
| <i>Tinto Bonfire,</i>                   | - - - - - | 227 |
| <i>Notes to the Country Wedding,</i>    | - - - -   | 229 |

## PREFACE.

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It is with trembling diffidence that I trace to the public a commital of my little volume. The hopes, the fears, the breathless anxieties of a young author for the first-born offspring of his imagination, are almost become proverbial; and, in my case, these anxieties are heightened by a conviction, that I am not properly qualified to judge what rank my poems will hold in the Republic of Letters.

I *do* flatter myself that they will not be found altogether destitute of merit. It were gross affectation in me to say otherwise, for where ever was the veriest pretender to poetry that had not to combat a spice of vanity? Vanity, the fraternity's beset-

a 3

ing sin; but how far my self-gratulations will be borne out by the public voice, is a point on which my wildest, warmest hopes dare hardly stop to form a conjecture.

From the lowly sons of unlettered life, "my humble compeers in the farm-house and cottage," my productions have met with praise. On the more highly gifted sons of literature and science, I have had no opportunity of witnessing their effects. Indeed my dablings are so different from the strain of poetry to which they are accustomed, that it were bordering on presumption in me to think of winning their suffrages on the score of composition, while the public have lately had so many appeals from self-taught authors, that even there I am afraid I will be unable to engraft a claim. If, however, they should ever fall into the hands of any kindly heart, more willing to be pleased than to "offer the sacrifice of fools," it may not be unavailing to state the disadvantages under which they are produced.

These may be resolved into want of education, want of time, and the want of a proper sphere of observation. On the first of these heads, a slight perusal will satisfy the reader that I never had any education more than English reading and writing, or rather my native dialect; and, on the second, poverty, the poet's curse, never would allow me leisurely to woo the muse's smile. I never in my life sat down purposely to write a poem—they were all composed amidst the noise and bustle of a workshop, anxious to keep up my work, and only jotted down at odd moments, perhaps weeks after, when the energy and lighter touches of fancy that gave them birth were long gone by. To any one versant in fanciful composition, who knows how to appreciate the momentary glow of imagination, waving her light, flitting, and fitful tints over the glowing figure, this, mayhap, will stand forward excusing much want of *finishing* that will be found when any thing like fancy is attempted. In my descriptive pieces, which predominate, even my friends are

afraid that the manners I exhibit will be imbued with a certain tinge of locality, that may tend to lessen the general effect. This is a necessary evil attendant on my contracted span of observation; but I flatter myself that I have kept clear of personalities, and, on a closer inspection, manners will be found not so different, in general points, as the superficial observer is inclined to believe.

In miscellaneous poetry the greatest difficulty is a proper selection, the partialities of an author frequently unfitting him to compare the merits of his own productions. My habits of intimacy afforded no home-bred critic on whose judgments I could implicitly rely; and I am too proud, too jealous, to think of yielding up my MSS. to any reputed, any superior author, even although I had the opportunity. No! rather let them pass into the world with "all their imperfections on their head," than bear the burden of their crimes, while any portion of spirit they may exhibit is invariably set down to

he credit of my rectifier. If, therefore, I have chosen improper subjects—If I have writ often in a jumble of language, neither Scotch nor English—if I have passed defective versification, and committed innumerable grammatical errors, they must all be charged to my own want of skill, for I frankly acknowledge, that I know little more about prosody, verbs active, and participles past, than I do about the Cham of Tartary—namely, that there is, or was such a personage.

Still, I am aware, that notwithstanding of all these disqualifying circumstances, my readers are noway bound to bear with dullness or impertinence, barely, because I was not born with all the advantages of a poet. Where then shall I shelter the intrusion, or find a shield to protect my presumption—the advice of friends. That is so stale a device that nobody is deceived by it. Pecuniary advantage—that is at best but a doubtful case; for, unfortunately, I have lately heard that there is even

such a thing as “Barren Laurels!” But—the truth must out—I have an invincible ambition to move (however distant from them) in the same orbit with Hogg, with Burns, and other of our poets, who have shown themselves so superior to the depressing influence of circumstance and situation!

“Let not ambition meek my *bootless* toil,” &c.

To a respectable list of subscribers, I offer my warmest thanks. If any thing could stimulate me beyond the hope of a poet's fame, it would be a wish not to disgrace the disinterested exertions of a few friends in my behalf: But, the dye is cast, and it is their corrections only that can point my future path.



## ERRATTA.

- Page 17, line 5, for *unlaid* read *unlac'd*.  
~ 18, ~ 14, for *pull'd* read *peel'd*.  
~ 20, ~ 2, for *springing in* read *springin'*.  
~ 60, ~ 11, for *them* read *her*.  
~ 68, verse 2, for *leg-fauld* read *lea-fauld*.  
~ 82, line 2, for *was* read *were*.  
~ 95, ~ 16, for *lye* read *ly*.  
~ 105, verse 1, for *mighty* read *mightly*.  
~ 118, line 4, for *famal* read *famae*.  
~ 154, first line of last verse for *I* read *In*.  
~ 170, line 3 from the foot, for *bedlam* read *beldam*.  
~ 211, note, for *was* read *were*.  
~ 225, title, for *my* read *me*.

## Poems.

---

### A COUNTRY WEDDING.

---

“ WAS e'er in Scotland heard or seen  
Sic dancing and array,  
Either at Falkland on the green,  
Or Peebles at the play,  
As was o' wooers, as I ween,  
At Christ's Kirk on a day;  
They came in Kitties' washin' clean,  
And new kirtles o' gray.”

*Christ's Kirk on the Green.*

---

HAIL to the dawning morn! thrice happy day!  
The orient streaks which round thy temples play,  
Will scarce be lost in mid-day's beaming sun,  
Before young William hopes to be made one  
With his dear Kate. The union springs off love,  
And *Hope* draws blessings from the powers above.

A

William had trac'd the vacant round of youth,  
 Had felt, had bent, before this sacred truth,  
 "It is not good that man should be alone."  
 He did not seek to have a wife who shone  
 In all the modern trappings of the race,  
 Or yet 'cause beauty's bloom was on her face;  
 But one, whom he thought nature had design'd,  
 To deck with inward beauties of the mind.  
 True, Kate was fair—her cheeks of rosy dye,  
 Drew lustre from her dark, her beamy eye,  
 Which shed intelligence on every feature:  
 Her taper waist, than which nought could be neater,  
 Was borne above as white, as shapely shanks,  
 As ever tript on Clutha's flowery banks:  
 Her swelling bosom met the fanning wind,  
 With every soft emotion of her mind—  
 A mind which William, from her infant years,  
 Had watch'd, with hope, alternate mix'd with fears;  
 But now confirm'd, stable on reason's throne,  
 Show'd temper, taste, congenial with his own.  
 He'd seen her meek, her quiet spirit ruff'd;  
 He'd seen her smiles in just resentment muff'd:  
 But, like a lake, whose peaceful bosom shows  
 The pure, the spotless image of repose;

If chance a stone the limpid calm divide,  
 Resentful waves circle from side to side,  
 High spouts the waters, foaming bubbles boil,  
 And bristling seems to brave the world a-while.  
 O harmless rage! Short-liv'd the blustering bellow,  
 Each circle sinks more narrow than its fellow;  
 Shadows begin to settle on its breast—  
 Another shiver—all again is rest.  
 Such was her mind, so cloudless, so serene,  
 Remove the cause, Kate was herself again.  
 He'd seen her move through flatt'ry's fairy field,  
 And not one jot of dignity to yield;  
 He'd seen her wet with slander's chilling spray,  
 Yet rise unspotted as the orb of day;  
 The friend, the lover, he had prov'd and prais'd;  
 Mother and wife on the same soil are rais'd.  
 Hence, on this hopeful day, no fears annoy  
 His proud anticipations, all are joy!

Not such the mood in which Kate met the morn,  
 Her gentle breast, by soft emotions torn,  
 With anxious feeling ey'd the important day,  
 Wishing, yet fearful—sad, yet pleas'd and gay.

Her love for William knew no check, no bound,  
 But, Ah! that love rested on sacred ground!  
 'Twas mix'd with some of that respectful awe,  
 Which mind immortal must from mortals draw:  
 Of reason, seated on its noblest throne,  
 The brow of man, begirt with virtue's zone,  
 Glancing her keen, her piercing eagle eyes,  
 Through all the flimsy doublings of disguise;  
 She felt the power, the dignity rever'd,  
 Yet clung for support to the rock she fear'd.  
 Still would the prospect of an untry'd state,  
 With all its unprov'd duties, rush on Kate;  
 She knew that writ, in that one short word *Wife*,  
 Was more than thousands read, perhaps, thro' life.  
 Other regrets into her bosom flow,  
 Regrets which minds, less delicate, ne'er know;  
 Yet to be crown'd a Scepter'd Monarch's pride,  
 She would not parted William from her side.  
 O happy pair! Let's trace their wedding day,  
 The Muse will never, surely, say us nay.

The Castle bell had breakfast toll'd,  
 Far on the air the sound had fled;

See, comin' yonder, ~~over~~ the wold,  
 Fair Katie's flittin slowly led:<sup>1</sup>  
 Bottle and welcome, bridegroom haste!  
 Aunt Rachel's mounted on Martin's aiver;<sup>2</sup>  
 See that the carts be safe unlaid,  
 For Martin's kend for a tricky shaver.  
 The wheel and the reel are safe let down,  
 Emblem o' thrift! What a sackfu' lint!<sup>3</sup>  
 "Bridegroom, bridegroom, ye're a lucky loon"—  
 Tak' care of that tub, for the pigry's in't.<sup>4</sup>  
 "The door is but strait, edge up the tub,  
 Now we may pass wi' an eery pingle,"  
 Martin's fingers—"God, sic a rub!"  
 Crash goes the tub, an' the pigs play jingle.  
 "Ah, well-a-day!" aunt Rachael sigh'd,  
 "But the tea-ware's safe, an' they're no a' there,  
 Only some Waterloo sherds," she cry'd;  
 It's a word that has mony a heart made sair.  
 "And the cupboard's fu'—how the crystal's shine,  
 They're a present frae John i' the Bellstanes lady;  
 Here's't'ye, bridegroom! 'twas me brought the wine;  
 If the bed's were made, then a' is ready—<sup>5</sup>  
 Saftly, lad, ye may sleep this night,  
 The sheets are callar as ony gowan;

Sax pair o' blankets wad smoor ye outright,  
 We'll saddle light, an' keep room for rowen.  
 An here's twa sarks, frae the Holland reed,<sup>6</sup>  
 Snaw-white bleach'd by your ain black deary;  
 Dress yourselves, bid the bestman speed,  
 For the day's far gaen, an' the bride may weary."

Scarce were the bridegroom's garments on,  
 Jimply the bestman was array'd,  
 When in came Wat, Robin Roy, Cheap John,  
 Wi' their daughter's three, and M'Kinnon's maid.  
 "Gude morning, lad, ye look douf and blae—  
 Shame! O shame! is it thus you yield?  
 Look yoursel', cheer up, send the sign away,  
 And see that the braw white wand be pull'd;<sup>7</sup>  
 It's the wand of peace. Who's next tuck'd up?  
 Bring's back the stick? L—d, man, be cheery!—  
 The halter's no yet begun to grup—  
 Sic a face as that, an' she'll no come near ye."

William would smile, and eye his friends askance;  
 Again their wit at his expence would glance;<sup>8</sup>  
 Their jest's he bandy'd round the ring fu' glib,  
 Then took the road, with them, to fetch his rib.

Two chairs are set, bridegroom and bride sit there,  
 One look of love is all that each dare send,  
 The “Man of God” enters “with solemn air”—  
 Stand up, join hands, let each, let all attend.

Hear, while he tells the origin and cause  
 Of marriage rites, by heaven’s appointment sent,  
 The shame, the curse, attend its broken laws,  
 The peace, the comfort, in a life well spent.

“Think not that each may have a separate law,  
 Blended in one, your interests must unite,  
 To love, to cherish, let the balance draw  
 With equal tenor, on to realms of light.

“And now, let’s hear, are no objections made?  
 If any, peal them in a voice of thunder!”——  
 The knot is ty’d, since nothing can be said,  
*“Whom God hath join’d, let no man put asun-  
 der.”*

Much joy! Much joy! from all sides on them prest,  
 Amen, Amen! God’s blessing with them rest!

Now they are join'd, let the *broesers* ply;9  
 Jump, jump, jump, half a dozen's springing in!  
 Four o' their splutters are soon put bye,  
 "It was only for fun," an' the loud laugh's ringing.

Rin, cooty Rob, ye're a neck-length a-hin,  
 Tho' but short frac the houghs they are liftin' like wud,  
 Stride, Davie Puff! for it wad be a sin,  
 Wère yon woodifu' wasp to cast sa't on your fud;  
 Think, Davie, think, that the lasses are seein';  
 Your auld wifie's dead, an' ye're haffins in love;  
 Now!—What a shape!—How his coat tails are  
 fleein'!  
 Its now, or its never, your mettle maun prove.

Spring again, that's your sort! Davie, Davie, a's  
 your ain!  
 Cooty Rob, cut him short!—Now he near's him on  
 the plain.

Bellows, breast, an' houghs of yew,  
 Lungs and legs are at it now,  
 Arm for arm, an' foot for foot;  
 Doors are cram'd, and windows jut,

Crouds stan' thick on every knowe;  
 Out comes Collie, Bow, wow, wow!  
 Bounce, yelp, yelp, on their shins wi' a scud,  
 Stot, stot, stot, Davie wallers i' the mud!  
 Ah, poor Davie! His cassimere breeks—  
 What a vile, vile spot! it'll sit there for weeks.

“Fye, fye, Rob! ye might aye looket back,  
 It's no wi' a Lot, or frae Sodom ye rin”—  
 Rob gi'ed a smudge o' a laugh, but near spak',  
 Till the *broe* was his ain, and a shilling paid in.

Here comes the bottle and the glass,<sup>10</sup> Rob, Rob,  
 It was rather owre sair to bid Davie drink  
 To a double dog-tax; ev'n the patience of Job  
 Wad a' fail'd to have seen your mischievous wink.

Stop, bride, stop! its your ain cottage door;  
 See that the bread and the cheese be ready—  
 Quick, get a napkin, her bonnet spread o'er;  
 Grush goes the *dreaming-bread*—pickl't up lady!

“O 'ave gotten bread,” and “Wha wants cheese?”  
 Gae niffer a bit, for the bride's ta'en ben;

Her auld guid-mother presents her the keys,<sup>12</sup>  
And, “ you’re welcome hame to your ain fire-en’.”

Draw the big-chair in, it’s on that she maun sit;  
Gi’e the ribs a ringe, an’ the fire a chap;  
Aff wi’ your glove, for the crook maun flit  
A link or twa, and syne *friets* may drap.

Fidler, come here, gar your cat-gut skirl!  
Bride, are you ready, for dinner to march?  
Wi’ “ You’re welcome hame,”<sup>13</sup> gar her heart-  
strings dirl,  
Till her bosom heave white thro’ that gauzy arch.

Bestman, see that the bride be plac’d  
At the right table-head—mind the rump is her ain,<sup>14</sup>  
Sodden and roast. Let the bridegroom haste,  
And see that each guest has no cause to complain.

Already a hustle is rising for seats.  
That’s right, that’s right! let ilk lass get her lad—  
Cooty Rob, mind your tails—man, take care o’  
the plates—  
Gif the dinner were bye, ye’se get room to parade.

But soft, such tripping measure is not mete,  
 To paint the dignified, the solemn sweet,  
 Impressive manner, void of pomp or show,  
 In which old Gaffier's aspirations flow—  
 In which the man, all simple as his tale,  
 Implores a blessing with the present meal!  
 Breathes out a wish, That mirth may know no gall,  
 And that the meeting may be bless'd to all!  
 Amen! In spite of spirits mounting high,  
 Choak to the lip, and ready just to fly;  
 This solemn invocation cheks a while  
 The bursting laugh, and sinks it to a smile.

But soon, too soon, our best impressions wear;  
 Swift is the laugh that chaseth folly's tear—  
 One drop for friendship fills youth's glist'ning eye,  
 The next fleet breeze, most frequent, wipes it dry!  
 Not that the Muse would blame, or think amiss,  
 Her frolic gambols in a scene like this.  
 Far from it. Let the heart of youth expand,  
 And love, and joy, put forth their influ'nce bland:  
 But mirth and mischief, are not sure of kin;  
 Then, ah! be sure and none of it begin.

Come drop that bone; shame, what a greasy splatch,  
 Martin, take care, for Anne is on the watch.  
 Aye, now, that's well, that volley was right aim'd!  
 These are attentions Anne's own conduct claim'd;<sup>15</sup>  
 The waggish brat, 'twas her began the trade,  
 And 'tis but mete, with interest, she be paid.

But now comes round the bride's ain lusty cheese:  
 "A little bit—I'll help you, if you please."  
 The bottle follows: "Bride, come, here's your health,  
 A merry night, prosperity and wealth!"  
 The toast goes round—poor Kate, abash'd and sad,  
 Dare hardly look to give th' accustom'd nod.  
 Now, for the Anthem. Hugh, you best can sing;  
 Join hands across, and let the kebers ring.<sup>16</sup>



### ANTHEM.

"Weel may we a' be—  
 "Ill may we never be—  
 "God bless the king, and this company!"

Heav'n send this young pair,  
 Kind late, and canty air—  
 God bless us a'—merry may we be.

Their choral notes are peal'd on high,  
 A ruff of thunder rends the sky,  
 Encore, encore! from all sides sounded,  
 Again the welkin high resounded;  
 A third essay—the third is best,  
 And hands and throats are laid at rest.

Come now, turn out; the dinner seats must move,  
 E're you your feats upon the floor can prove:  
 The night is good, the stacks are clear of props,  
 A game at *Bogie* might digest your chops;  
 Perhaps some pair, whom love and fortune bless,  
 May steal together, and may snatch a kiss—  
 Whisper a grateful assignation home,  
 And pledge their hearts, tho' eyes all night should  
 roam.

Yes, it is so—I had a parting gledge  
 Of one fond couple stealing down yon hedge:  
 But leave them there; for, hear, the fidler's at it—  
 The bride's reel this<sup>17</sup>—Let's see how she will foot it?

Why, not amiss. A good attempt indeed,  
 Few feet are there seem moulded upon lead:  
 Those foes to dancing, apathy and corns,  
 Find here no entrance for their ugly horns;  
 Whenever art, or grace, begin to pause,  
 Spirit and energy takes up the cause.  
 Each light-heel'd nymph, while music thrills her heart,  
 Springs up, self-taught, a mistress of the art:  
 Who could have thought, learned only in Court  
     breeding,  
 To see such dancing at a Country Wedding?  
 But, lo! comes one whose influence will steal  
 O'er every heart, and double-spring each heel,  
 The great Punch Bowl, snug in its corner plac'd;<sup>18</sup>  
 We pay our homage e'er we dare to taste.

O thou great source of happiness and woe,  
 Chearer of heart, and scourge of purse below!  
 Bond of affection, stirrer up of strife!  
 Kindler of wit, and enemy of life!  
 Whose potent waves, circling on glassy bed,  
 Such soft, such winning exhalations shed,  
 As tempts thy votaries frequent to forego  
 The chains of sense, for others forg'd by woe!

Say, by what magic numbers, I may tell,  
 How all these opposites unite, and dwell  
 In one, the same, inexplicable elf!  
 Let's have a sip? Thou'lt help to clear thyself.  
 Aye, now I feel it! Thy inspiring aid  
 Dispels each doubt, and brightens every shade:  
 I see, that thou, like other gifts misus'd,  
 Are only evil when thou art abus'd:  
 And where the blessing Providence hath giv'n,  
 Whereon excess wont mar the face of heav'n?  
 The tulip's splendour, and the rose's glow,  
 Would soon disgust, were nothing else to grow—  
 Ev'n life itself, beyond a certain term,  
 Grows tasteless oft, from faculties infirm:  
 So 'tis with thee, thy vivifying power,  
 Sheds on each blunted sense a cheering show'r—  
 The toiling heart redoubles every spring,  
 And bursting spirits mount on airy wing;  
 But, overcharge the system, drink too deep,  
 And every sense will soon embruted sleep.  
 Stop, then, deluded mortals! pause and think,  
 Before you rush on inebration's brink.  
 It needs no more. The foaming gulf below  
 Will dash the cup of excess from thee, so

That reason's empire, plac'd on 'vantage ground,  
 The sweet and bitter may no more confound:  
 Then might we hail our native bowl the best,  
 The purest juice, by fermentation dress'd;  
 A noble cistern, great storehouse of wit,  
 Parent and nurse of many a lucky hit,  
 The scourge of melancholy, cure of care,  
 The lover's prompter, and the poor man's lear!  
 Had jolly Bacchus known thy power divine,  
 He had not quaff'd content with vapid wine;  
 Would Frenchmen taste the barley-steemed cup,  
 And still with brandy burn their entrails up?  
 Or who, that feels thy genial warmth, would come  
 And seek to charge their brain with clogging rum?  
 O no, not one, with mind unwarp'd, will fail,  
 Thee, purest bev'rage, kindest, best, to hail!

Bride, take a sip, it will do thee good;

Martin's already scated:

But, "A Country Dance," has been bawled aloud,

We must see how the figure's treated.

Jack Wright at the head—his handsome leg,

His friend, Lucy Smirk—her sarsenets on;

A dashin' pair; but Lucy, I beg,  
 'Mid the mazy dance, you beware of John.  
 His ogles, leers, his attentions, jeers  
 At the sheep-fac'd look in which love's array'd;  
 His half-drawn sighs, his bewitching fears,  
 Are too, too much for an artless maid!  
 When tracing the dance, its doublings, tropes,  
 Little thinks Lucy she weaves a snare,  
 With tiptoe spirits, and baseless hopes,  
 May catch, may twitch, her ain heart-strings sair.  
 Love is a toy we can seldom place  
 In the breach, the pass, 'twixt hope and despair—  
 It's joy full orb'd, a delusive chase,  
 Or agony leaning on rayless care.  
 See its effects, in part, pourtray'd,  
 On the face, the dress, the troubled e'e,  
 Of Mary M'Iver, the sweetest maid  
 E'er brush'd May-dew from a clover lea.  
 Andrew was tender, constant, kind—  
 Their hearts were knit in the bands of love;  
 But joy is fleeting, and fortune blind,  
 In a luckless hour did Andrew rove:  
 Fain would he cling to his former hope,  
 But Mary was hurt, her soul in pain,

Her big heart spurn'd at the faithless fop,  
 And hid *regret* with thy vail *disdain*.  
 It's too, too thin, sweet Mary, my dear,  
 That sickly smile, that attention strain'd,  
 To the fulsome stuff salutes your ear,  
 Are faithless tell-tales can ne'er be train'd!  
 Andrew, poor Andrew's in pitiful case;  
 His partner is lovely, lively, free,  
 He try'd to make love—with a wretched grace,  
 While seeking, yet shunning, his Mary's e'e:  
 Now, they meet! that electrical touch  
 Unhinges resentment, floods each vein,  
 The rushing blood gives an onward twitch,  
 And recedes as quick to the heart again;  
 Agitate wildly, the figure lost,  
 She starts at herself with a deeper blush,  
 Springs for her place, but, confusion toss'd,  
 Turns wrong, and again gets a ruder push!  
 Abash'd, repentant, yet pouting proud,  
 Andrew grew giddy, heart-sick, and sore,  
 Thousand emotions around him crowd—  
 Go! you have happiness yet in store.

Lucy, that's well, you have catch'd each note.

You're warm: "Hand a glass for my partner here;  
 A little sip more to moisten your throat—  
 Some carvy—a few, if you please, my dear."  
 "Thank you, Sir." "Right and left at foot."—  
 'Stand to your place, and attention there.'  
 "Now for a wee drap well brew'd jut;  
 Martin, my boy, have ye ought to spare?"  
 'O plenty, Tam, and here's to your lass.'  
 "Hush! Loanfit's gaun to gi'e us a verse:"  
 'Come, weet your whistle.'—"Another glass,  
 And—hark! for singers like him are scarce."



### SONG.

HERE are we met, a canty core,  
 A merry set, I true, are we;  
 Come, bend your houghs, shut in the door,  
 And let us taste the barley brie.

### CHORUS.

"We're no, no fu', we're no sae fu',  
 But just a drappie in our e'e,

“ The cock may craw, the day may daw,  
 “ But still we’ll taste the barley brie.”

The selfish sordid soul we scorn,  
 Ilk face, ilk heart is blythe and free;  
 But he who would of care be shorn,  
 May come and taste the barley brie.  
 “ We’re no, no fu’, &c.

If mirth, if wit ye would enjoy,  
 Or hearts unwrap’d with mysterie,  
 The doubtful watch, the douce decoy  
 To warm their hearts with barley brie.  
 “ We’re no, no fu’, &c.

Observe yon lad salute his lass,  
 With distant, formal, fear’d *How d’ye*;  
 Poor chittering fool, take up your glass—  
 No friend to love like barley brie.  
 “ We’re no, no fu’, &c.

That other see, who in the neuk,  
 Sae coziely her mu’ doth prie,

Learn, throatless dastard, by that look,

His lips are wet with barley brie!

“ We’re no, no fu’, &c.

It brightens up the face of age,

It decks their tale with youthful glee;

It dubs the beardless boy a sage,

The potent fumes of barley brie.

“ We’re no, no fu’, &c.

If scant o’lear, if prest wi’ care,

If purseless, pennyless, you be;

If love reject, or friends neglect,

O come and taste the barley brie.

“ We’re no, no fu’, &c.

The chorus rang baith loud and lang,

Their favourite Bardie made it,

“ With a silent round be his mem’ry crown’d,”

That tribute due we’ve paid it.

“ Now, Anna, dear, your song let’s hear,

The one which you con’d last night—

Anne’s health and song—nay, now get along,

No cause in the world for fright,”

Of Music's power the lassie's lay,  
 In ready numbers ran,  
 Her timid notes seem'd oft to stray,  
 Yet center'd still in plan:  
 While sweetly wild warm nature's child,  
 On trembling tones doth toil,  
 The best comment that can be lent,  
 Is man's approving smile.



## SONG.

SWEET Music, love-inspiring maid!  
 Ah, how swift on echo swelling,  
 Can thy shivering tones pervade  
 'Th' inmost cell of passions dwelling;  
 Hand in hand thy sister dancing,  
 Lightly trips it over the plain;  
 Meek-ey'd pleasure see advancing,  
 Graceful mirth, on tiptoe prancing,  
 While each mortal joy enhancing,  
 Love, rosy love, lights up the scene.

Can the face of sullen sorrow,  
E'er trace the dancer's mazy heel?

Who can brood o'er dark to-morrow,  
When footing at the Highland Reel?

Does the dregs of cankering care  
E'er sable o'er the face of day,  
O quickly let thy steps repair,  
O quickly let thy bosom share  
Our festive dance, some heav'n-born air  
Will chace the demon far away.

A peal of thunder greets the blushing maid,  
Her raptur'd lover clasps her to his breast!

Again some merry harmless prank is play'd,  
And joy's loud laugh re-echoes the rude jest.

Poor Davie Puff is in pitiful plight;  
Cooty Rob is exulting, that's easily seen,  
For it's hinted sometimes in the course of the night,  
That, in meeting the dog, Davie met wi' a frien';

Fain were he courting with Kirsten M'Vie,  
But aye when o' love, or ought like it, he speaks,

The paukie like blink of her downcast e'e  
Says, "Davie, remember the spot on your breeks!"

A dispute is held in that corner there,  
If shuttles or shavings bring maist to the State:  
The one is displaying a webster's lear,  
The other the wit o' a carpenter's pate.

The weaver asserts, with a solemn face,  
If burn his shuttle, the State would sink:  
The carpenter swore, with an equal grace,  
His ship was the life-boat would haul a brink.

Waldferms, wi' his cloak, is surrounding the bowl,  
He's just *coosinin* his great barley stack;  
Jack Subset leans on him, and, cheek for jowl,  
They're discussing, and lauding, the fam'd Corn  
Act—

"Bottom" enrag'd, as well as he might be,  
Leaves "Quince," and commences a dreadful attack,  
Drifts Waldferms and it on a bottomless sea,  
And, in so many words, wishes Bonaparte back.

Martin is bent upon shaking his fit;  
 Aunt Rachael must trip it with maiden air,  
 She spreads her tails, jees her head a bit,  
 And skips as light as the youngest there:

The younkers are smirking to see her side-cutting,  
 And pointing at Martin's untutored fling,  
 But a merrier heart on the floor's not footing,  
 Or firmer step to be found in the ring.

The barley brie is beginning to work—  
 The fidler has drain'd his cup to the dregs,  
 Quick and more quick gars his catgut squirk,  
 Till the barn's ae steerie of lungs and legs.

The nymph that had cheeks of a rosy dye,  
 Is crimson all over her panting breast,  
 And the tell-tale glance of her softer eye,  
 Invites to a lip that would fain be prest.

Jacky and Lucy are snug in a neuk;  
 Lucy, I told you of Jack to beware!  
 A voluble lover, ne'er yet partook  
 Of passion, soft, delicate, pure as air:

Its him who retreats when another is pressing,  
 Respectful and passive, though drooping with care,  
 Who trembles, who stammers, and pays his court  
 blushing—

O that is the man who your bosom should share.

Cooty Rob, in his fleet-foot importance, is spiteing,  
 That Jack should get Lucy a' night to himsel',

He coaxes Rob Roy, while a fairen-wife cheating,  
 To ask, if she's aye in the strae neuk to dwell?

“Go try for a reel, when, if that can be granted,  
 We'll see and get keepin' the lassie a wee;

It's no that ane cares, but he's constantly vaunted  
 Aye sin' the last ball, when he took her frae me.”

Robin Roy gets his reel, but a promise is made,  
 When the dance is concluded, to see her safe back;

Cooty Rob grups her shawl, rather rudely, and said  
 Some opprobrious words, which brought Wright in  
 a crack.

A strussel ensues, “Let the lass get her will”—  
 Poor Lucy, her sarsenet slip's riven in twa;

Each swore the last drop of his blood he would  
spill,  
But it ends, at the last, in a tug and a draw:

O for a touch of a *Crib* or a *Cooper*,  
A *Miller* of *mettle* to *fib* you well;  
Some knight of the *fancy* would swear like a trooper,  
And give you a *bit* of the *science* to smell!

But here's the bride's supper, sit down take a tastin',  
Afraid of each other, none else need take fright,  
And ev'n tho' two fools were each other a bastin',  
Let that not disturb a harmonious night.

Come, bride, lay about ye, and set an example;  
It's porter, and whisky, and sugar, and bakes;  
If the stock o' your suppers be a-like the sample,  
O well may you bless your ain dear *Land o' Cakes!*

But what's a' the hurry? The night's no far spent  
yet,  
The moon, in her pride, is Quothqan-law but spieling,  
I've seen when the sun muckle higher wad glentit  
Ere lads, wi' their lasses, frae dances were stealing.

“ You must not stay,” go then, but *custom* is  
 pressing,  
 That *Bob-at'e Bowster* be danced ere you go;<sup>19</sup>  
 We must close in the door, tho' constraint be dis-  
 tressing;  
 Bestman, let us see where the napkin you'll throw:

That's plenty o' capers, come, kiss and be done, Sir,  
 Another, another, and round, round you go,  
 The circle encreases; that squeak in the tune, Sir,  
 Is meant, by the fidler, more kissing to show.

So far all is well: for each spirit is high,  
 And what else had been deem'd, by a delicate mind,  
 Offensive, disgusting, has room to pass by,  
 As a *something* which modesty leaves undefined;

Yet, still it has traits ought to stamp on its brow  
 The seal of rejection, the mark of the beast:

See Mary M'Iver is forc'd to allow  
 Yon impertinent wretch on her red lips to feast!

And mark, as the seats are by one and one clearing,  
 That painful suspense when the napkin goes past,

With soul at her lip, not a one but is fearing,  
Is dreading to sit, and be lifted the last.

The sad victim see, her big heart at her eyes,  
Thro' the tear-steamed mist, ah! now straining in vain;  
Far distant is he who her kisses would prize:  
What's meant for amusement should never give pain!

Come, hush, moralizer, the dance is concluded—  
Ho! Pelisses, plaids, cloaks, and big coats!—that's  
right—

Let the chill night-shed damps from your pores be  
excluded;  
And lads, who have lasses, I wish you good night.

But, Martin, fie, Martin! to leave a bowl fu',  
We had thought you were steel frae the head to the  
heels,  
Sit down, man, sit down, Robin Roy's gaun to spew,  
And there's aye some diversion when cadgers coup  
creels.

Martin was never averse to a glass,  
Could never refuse when a friend did press;

He lov'd the former, he lov'd the latter,  
 But lov'd a roar and a row much better.  
 Hence, it was marrow to Martin's bones,  
 To hear the fidler unscrew his drones,  
 And exhort Rob Roy, after bockin' his broe,  
 To rise and prepare for another set too.  
 It was then that the drouthysome neighbours about,  
 Whose beds were at hand, coupit clean cap out.  
 'Twas then Davie Puff had the pleasure to see  
 Cooty Rob as black as his ain breck-knee;  
 His health was, with flattering irony, drunk,  
 And Robin, resolving to prove he had spunk,  
 Was everly sure his glass bottom to drain,  
 'Till ony wee likeness he might had o' brain  
 Was fairly o'erwhelmed by the bizz in his pow,  
 And down sunk our hero his barley to bow.

Then up rose Cheap Jock, with stentorian lungs,  
 To propose, as a toast, 'mid the mad strife o'  
 tongues,

"The memory of him who *was* fleet in the race,  
 And a rope for the dog that wrought Davie's dis-  
 grace."

His wit was received with a burst of applause;  
 But scarce had the orator pouched his tauze,

When reeling around his capacious pate,  
 Some dribbles o' *cauld thing* brought Jack frae  
 his seat!

The ranks were clos'd up, and the cry became strong,  
 For a lass, for a proverb, a tale, or a song:

The 'Exile of Erin,' with 'Will's Peck o' Ma't,'  
 The 'Sprig of Shillelah,' and 'Herrin' in Sa't,'  
 'King Coul,' 'Highland Whisky,' all chorus and  
 glee,

Were blended alternate with *Jockey's Bean Tree!*  
 In short, it was Babel, confusion and riot,  
 The auditors loud, and the orators quiet.

But where's the bridegroom? Ha! already shut in,  
 Come, come, all's not o'er yet—withdraw that bar-  
 pin;

The bestman and maid must, at least, have admis-  
 sion,

Your night-heads to dress is in part their commission.

Now, Kate, by my trouth, ye have gi'en him a cowl,  
 'Wi' a tap like the peak of a Highlandman's bonnet!<sup>20</sup>

It hings at his lug like the bells of a fool,  
 The dew of impatience already upon it.

Dear, man! we're gaun off, if the bride wad let's  
see her.

Bestman, is her mutch-bord o' lawn or o' lace?

Poor Kattie blush'd red, like a rose on the briar,  
And deep in the bed-clothes she hid her fair face.

Respect her feelings—let's withdraw.

*Custom*, now we've kept thy law;

The mutch and night-cap both are on—

To-morrow, mind, we'll see thee;

The curtain's drawn—you're left alone—

Gude night, and joy be wi' thee!<sup>21</sup>

## TEA-TABLE TALK.

~~~~~  
“ If we spare any who have heads to hit;
Be they young or old, he or she,
Cuckold, or cuckold makers,
May we ne’er hope to see a chine again!”

SHAKESPEARE.

~~~~~

THE night was December, the fields they were bare,  
The sky was serene, altho’ biteing the air,  
When twa vet’rans in scandal, more keen than the  
season,  
Held paction, their neighbourhood’s conduct to blazon.  
Meg Maulefame, rear’d high o’er her Tintack-like  
hurdies  
A trunk, might have held half a dozen J— P——’s;  
A face that had bleach’d in the sun fifty simmers,  
Yet, strange tho’ it seem, there are some glaiket  
limmers  
Who roundly assert, with a self-cheering smile,  
It would still be no worse for a buke or a boil:

She was maiden confess'd; but, in crossing life's stream,  
 Amidst wreck'd reputations that round her did swim,  
 Her fair virgin honours were a' worn to tatters;  
 And tho' there perhaps might be transient clatters,  
 As malice, to whisper in her under-tone,  
 That few, few indeed, would have e'er put them on;  
 While her prude spiteful glunch, said, each bridal  
     occasion,  
 " I wear ev'n these tatters against inclination;"  
 Yet, a better companion for tea-table talk,  
 We could hardly have found in a summer day's walk.

Tibby Tattle, her cronnie was lank as a Grew,  
 And where Maulefame was grey, Tibby Tattle was  
     blue:

She was sick-nurse to all would her merit confess,  
 And had tears on her cheek for each kind of distress,  
 Yet, forbearance itself almost whispered aloud,  
 That her charity sought to be seen in a crowd—  
 That she spar'd no expence to catch clashes and lies,  
 Among teasers and tow-carders whang'd down the  
     cheese,  
 And sent round milk and whey 'mong her cotters  
     like water,  
 Provided they only would pay her in clatter.

Be this as it may, if the reader can bear it  
 With patience, and follow, their crack, he may hear  
 it.

Maggy Maulefame began:—

O, my dear Mrs. Tattle,  
 You have excellent tea! Did you hear of the battle?  
 Jamie Pelt and his wife—but I ettl'd nae ither  
 Than snarling and biting, sic bairns gaun thegither.

TATTLE.

Weel a wat that is true. They ken naething ava,  
 Glaiket runts, now-a-days, but to busk themsel's bra'.  
 Thretty snaws had blawn by, ere I durst tak' a man,  
 An' I grat, e'en sair greetin', to think upon't then;  
 But Tam Tattle, kind soul! wasna' easy said nay,  
 So I ventur'd at last, and we've ne'er rued the day.

MAULEFAME.

But the case was quite different, Tibby, wi' you;  
 Ye had wit in your pow, a' the ends to see through,  
 And, baith cannie, baith kindly, your bairn-time sae  
 bra'

Has win up, meat and claith like, without crack or  
flaw—

They are bonny, an' gude, that's the best thing ava.

TATTLE.

Tweel, poor things, wi' a blessin', they'll do weel  
aneugh,  
And are seldom found idle when Tam yokes the  
pleugh;  
Their providin's a' spun by their ain hands already,  
Tho' I say't, sudna say't, it might serve ony lady;  
Nell's made o' her ain a gude lang wab o' linen,  
And Grizie has e'en a braw slight o' the spinnin'.  
Forbye tikes and tow'ls, made when tentin' the  
beese,  
They have a' gotten twal pair o' blankets the piece,  
An' ye ken by yoursel' if we can be ca'd idle;  
Sic hanlins as ours gi'es nae time to draw bridle,  
If milkness be managed wi' prudence and art;  
(An' there's nane better sorted than yours in the  
part,)  
But I sudna tell a', for I've heard that our Nelly,  
Gude bless her! has aften been scorn'd wi' your Billy.

## MAULEFAME.

Should it happen the morn, I could hae nae objection;

May it ere be his lot to form sic a connection!

Haddin house by himsel', or led-ferms is nae plan;

But, O I've been griev'd wi' my mother's gudeman!

He nae mair needs a wife then a cart the third wheel,

Yet is silly enough to be courtin' the creel:

And yon wheedlin' monkey, who dwalls in the park,

Little imp, its no lang sin' she hadna a sark,

Has been coaxin', an flirting, the impudent brat!

It is easy to see what she fain wad be at;

But, gif e'er its a match, he may part wi' his mailen,

Sic fresh water skiffs are no ehancy to sail in,

Neither ballast nor bottom, they're easy upset—

She wad soon get him toss'd in the whirlpool of debt;

Nay, perhaps, never stan' to mak' him a horn'd beast,

Mind her dealins wi' him was ca'd after the priest;

But if ance the warld mends wi' thae no-ane-kens-whats,

They think a' should be coor'd by their bra' glancin' brats!

## TATTLE.

Na, ye ne'er made a truer observe in your life,  
 For as I said to Millclap and Northland's gudewife,  
 Sin' Black Jock got a clag, he has ne'er been himsel',  
 And his lasses, tho' scarce crupin out o' the shell,  
 Are begun to look prim, an' let fa' that the men  
 Are beginning already to smell at their den.

It is hard to believe, yet must own that I saw,  
 The last winter, where something had paid'd the  
     snaw,

And the neebours ken weel what I tell ye is true,  
 That their house was gin night a perpetual hiloo:  
 But I just said to Tam, it's nae credit to yours,  
 That sic doin's are done in a cot house o' ours!  
 Sae they'll a' hae to tramp—let them thank Henny's  
     airs,

Pridefu' slut, wi' her lads! now its no that ane cares;  
 But its right to keep shuthers aye under the head,  
 An' a handless tapie I seldom ere see'd,  
 Neither in her, nor on her, except flesh and bluid—  
 If Thrumstrings come till her, he comes for nae  
     gude.

## MAULEFAME.

Ay, ye weel might say that, if Thrumstrings wad  
 disgrace;  
 But there is not a ruttisher wretch in the place.  
 Tither night he cam' in to our house for his tea,  
 When the letcherous dog fell a pukin' at me;  
 But I gied him his ditty—he'll no grien again  
 To gar me grup his hens when he's payin' the kain;  
 Wastna horrid, in him, to gang brag o' his shame  
 Wi' a lassie whom slander itself durstna blame?  
 But it's ilt an' ill nature, that's easy seen through—  
 Wash our grumphie 's ye like, she will still be a  
 sow!  
 An', afore I forget, did ye hear ought the day  
 Frae the callan that's diein' about Gowan Brae?

## TATTLE.

He's just much about it. I heard by a beggar,  
 A snod wee bit bodie, was passin' frae Biggar;  
 I gied her some kail, and when scartin' the beker,  
 Prov'd weel worth her awmos—she is a bra' cracker.

She tells me the Prince has got hame a' his lint,  
 It's a gude muckle crap; but the doughter has tint—  
 Or, at least, that her hopes of a man are, ding, dang,  
 Deserting the service sin' Waldferms gaed wrang.  
 She says there's a dryness atween them and Steady;  
 That the laird has a bill been twice worried already;  
 An' heard at Blackfauld's, she thinks that's what they  
     ca't,

That their beef isna like to tak' weel wi' the sa't.  
 She show'd me a taylie, was gotten *thennu*  
 In exchange for some meal, it was said, for the sow;  
 Mum for that—we ken a' that Blackfaulds is but  
     bare,

An' it's pity his mart should it's last year's fate share;  
 But, believe me, I saw wi' my ain lookin' e'en,  
 Altho' washin', where mony a mauk-mark had been!  
 She had likewise a hint, but could never mak' mare  
     o't,

That the wife o' GlenCraig had been false to the heir  
     o't.

#### MAULEFAME.

It wad likely be what Whisky Kattie was tellin';  
 A lang winded story 'bout Pat Enniskillen—

How he, like the rest who St. Patrick must plague,  
Had been offering freedom's with Mrs. Glencraig:  
Like the mistress of Joseph she told her gudeman,  
And he's hatchin' revenge for the poor Irishman.  
Now, 'twere pity if Pat should get ony foul play,  
For I really suspect, she wad only *haen't sae!*  
But I'm surely gane daft—see, it's far i' the night;  
Come the morn to your tea, we'll get a' things set  
right.

## TEA-TABLE TALK.

*Maulefame and Tattle.—Night the Second.*

MAULEFAME.

Come awa, dearest Tattle, I'm glad you are there;  
The tea has been masket this half hour an' mair—  
I was really grown fear'd, when ye taigl'd sae lang,  
That the kitlen was dead, or else something gaen  
    wrang,

An' it wad been a pity, as our folk are gaen,  
Had we miss'd the main chance, gettin' crackin' our  
    lane—

Shall I help your bit bread wi' some jelly-or jam,  
Or d'ye rather prefer a sma' slice o' fry'd ham?

TATTLE.

I'm fond of the ham, but will just help mysel'—  
Never mind—tak' your tea—for, believe me, its well

Worth the eating : you've doubtless had eggs in  
 the fry,  
 And it's pity to eat them when eggs are so high—  
 Tho' for that, ne'er a hen about our house will lay;  
 Did ye hear what the cadger was gi'en the day?

## MAULEFAME.

I have sell'd him a gross, for this some sax weeks  
 hence,  
 And have aye gotten for them just as mony pence;  
 But they tell me that Brown is to tenpence come  
 down;  
 An' Jock An'erson fears he will lose in the town.  
 Was your tea to your taste?—

## TATTLE.

Quite agreeable, nice.  
 She will soon have a tocher who gets sic a price;  
 But, tell me, Miss Maulefame, if me you can  
 trust,  
 Was it true that your chucky-meat bred a bit  
 dust?

## MAULEFAME.

Aye indeed, Mrs. Tattle, a gaye stiffish squall!  
 But your finger on lip, and I'll tell you it all.  
 You must know that the *Roost* is a' reckon'd mine  
     ain,  
 Except ha'f-a-dizen that gangs for the kain,  
 And when countin' the week, be it better or worse,  
 The egg money clinks in my ain privy purse;  
 I of course keep it fu'—it may haud some twa score,  
 And the creatures have commonly pickins galore,  
 But the simmer comes on,—now the simmer is bare,  
 An' there's no ane but me, for puir chucky to care,  
 So I keepit a pock, and when corn was na scant,  
 Slippet bye twa three goupin 'gainst absolute want—  
 What was that among frien's? neither hither nor  
     whither;  
 An' ye ken that the gear it came a' wi' my mither.  
 Ae unfortunate morn he fell in wi' the pose,  
 When I true through the reek I got suppin' my  
     brose—  
 Trowth it was na worth while to gang raise sic a  
     row,  
 For a' that was o' them—'twas hardly a bow!

But 'en men tak' their passions, I've seen't o' them a',  
 A woman may as weel gae speak to the wa';  
 However folks live, whiles, lang after ca'd rogue;  
 When the cow flings, we mauna aye part wi' the  
 cog;—

Ane wad like to ha'e something to row a sair fit,  
 So the matter was hush'd—I am toilin' for't yet;  
 And if I can make something by feeding a hen,  
 It's a matter how few clishmaclaverers ken.

## TATTLE.

Na, my Aunty's a frugal weel spoken o' wife,  
 An' it's ken'd she did sae a' the days o' her life.  
 It was only yestreen, I fell in wi' a bike,  
 When a makin' her bed, 'tween the strae and the  
 tyke;

Now I never let on, for we a' need, ye ken,  
 Bits a bawbees, at times, better hid frae the men;  
 An' it's pity, when ane's a bit butter to spare,  
 That anither's imprudence should let it tak' air.  
 There is Tam now, as gude, I as gude maist can  
 be,  
 Yet I've whiles hidden *tychiles*, it's needless to lie,—

When charity guides a piece cheese, or a prent,  
 To a poor silly body, they're no aye for't ken't,  
 An', believe me, I've seen them o'er tastins look  
     fain

O' anither ane's meat, when they loath'd at their  
     ain:

Witness this, Wa'n'sday last, when I took a piece  
     beef,

After Tam gaed frae hame, o'er to Davie Moncrieff;  
 He's a puir diein' chiel, if the Doctor say true,  
 So ane likes to mak' welcome their visits *thenu*,  
 For a hantla gang there, an' folk hears something  
     new—

#### MAULEFAME.

Did the doctor e'er hint t'ye the cause of his trouble?  
 Alas, reputation, thou art but a bubble;  
 A bubble, which malice may grush at its pleasure,  
 And visit on us, yea, even "measure for measure;"  
 Then dearsake, ne'er speak o't! I'd only a hint,  
 That his trouble sprang a' frae a syphilis taint;  
 And puir body the wife, she's nae better, I wat,  
 O' her man gaun sae often to Embra of late..

## TATTLE.

Now I never heard that, tho' his frien' Ever-  
growl  
Gaed to Lady-Loans Shoutin wi' me, cheek for joul;  
Puir body, she ne'er had a waesomer night!—  
It was grievin' to see her sad pitiful plight:  
She has pains in her leengies, a grip in her side,  
And her belly is swell'd till its baith side and wide,  
Her head and her shouthers, her legs and her  
thighs,  
Are a' complications of mortal disease,  
She can hardly live lang, ilk night waur than anither,  
D'ye 'na think we sud try and get word to her  
brither?  
Her dead-sark is made, an' the house is na bare,  
Yet it's eery to live wi' nane for her to care;  
Now there's pysteries yonder, a sick-nurse might  
pay,  
An' leave plenty to furnish her dredgie wi' whey;  
She has tykeins, an' linens, and blankets nae scant,  
Stuff an' serge, camlet-gouns, brats, an' coats o'  
darant,

She has—But in short I near saw in my life  
Fu'er kists; she has once been a wight thrifty  
wife.

## MAULEFAME.

Wi' a' needs must confess, that she's e'en fremt be-  
stead,

But a woman's no sick aye, when she tak's the bed.  
Evergroul, at her age, is baith supple an' yeaul—  
Her backbane wad weather a gaye sturdy squall :  
For this dizen o' years she's a' night been to die,  
Yet was linkin', gin morning, her cronies to see,  
And there's never a Jenny wha rins *i' the rute*,  
Kens better what's doin' the country throughout.

Wi' the scart o' a prin I have seen them tak' seats—  
Na ye needna glowr sae, for I ken a' her gaits;  
If the house it be fu' an' hersel' braid an' bra,  
She may thank the ten fingers o' him that's awa,—  
She had ways o' her ain—you may guess if ye can—  
But ye never could guess, so I'll tell you her plan ;  
Her gudeman brought the stuff, an' her wheel was  
set up,

But an hour, at best twa, brought some vile, filthy  
grup!

It was nonsense to spin wi' sic pains in her back,  
 Let her man ance away, she could hardly ev'n crack.  
 But the basin was stanin'—the bot was na toom,  
 An' her wob it was aye just gaun into the loom:  
 “ Slip me in twa three cuts, but let Will be frae  
     hame,”

Thus her back was aye clad—the expense was her  
     wame!

Woodsper Willie wrought sair, thought his wife did  
     the same,

An' when siller ran short the meal-bot was to blame.  
 It was true, Mrs. Plump dealt eight pounds worth  
     o' meal.

In a year, and took credit for't a' to her wheel:  
 I thought naething o' that, for she had in hands,  
 But whan folk gang to steal frae their ain empty  
     stands,

Where ilk peck that's put in maun be siller put out;  
 Its as weel worth the woodie as ever—

#### TATTLE.

Hoot toot!

If thae be her gaits I am done wi' her phrase,  
 But I fear Evergroul's no her lane nu-a-days.

Did ye see Mrs. Fidget last day at the kirk,  
 Cutin' capers wad frighten'd a twa year auld stirk;  
 Wi' her Wellington boots, an' pluff'd bonnet sae bra';  
 She has dealins wi' some ane gets puddin's for a',  
 An' afore her fligaries are a' gotten free,  
 I could swear she's accounts that her man does na see!  
 It's nae credit to her, when her man gangs sae mean,  
 But, like most other *dressers*, perhaps she's a frien'  
 That is aye sending *presents* o' this an' o' that;  
 Ne'er a ane sends to me but I ken aye for what;  
 Ye wad laugh'd, had ye heard Tammy Thimble  
 again,

When describing her dress for the winter campaign,  
 Wi' its hoods an' its flaps, and its in and out steeks,  
 I leugh till the tears ran down over my cheeks—  
 She's a managing wife, but maun aye wear the breeks.

#### MAULEFAME.

O I saw the bit body, and leugh mysel' blin',  
 When the wife o' Jock Snail, an' her la'ship cam' in;  
 Jenny Snail's gotten word o' some gear frae the south,  
 And, sin' syne, she kens never how till had her mouth;  
 She try'd it purs'd up like a hen gaun to lay,  
 But her cheeks soon complain'd they were gettin'  
 foul play;

She try'd it four square, and she try'd it quite roun',  
 But an oval glanc'd best on her Waterloo gown;  
 She try'd to look kirk-like, wi' grave solemn grace,  
 But the siller was everly seen on her face,  
 So true says the man, in his face reading book,  
 That the passions of mind may be seen in the look.  
 Then God sen' it never come in to the Clyde!  
 By the word o't, she's pizzen'd already wi' pride.  
 Ye wad likewise observe the parade an' the state,  
 The ruffles, an' ribbons o' draggle-tail'd Kate!  
 How yon pennyless, din, nool-knee'd thing gangs  
     sae fine,

Has been puzzleing clearer conceptions than mine?  
 Some have hinted, her master wears lightly his bands,  
 And that, being ha'f mistress, she keeps gaye glib  
     hands—

Be that as it may, she sma' credit can claim  
 Frae sic wally-dye flirds, did she mind wha's at hame;  
 Tho', indeed, we've sae mony frail sisters to blaze,  
 That there's few to be found care about it *twa straes!*  
 Like the most of our grand anti-nuptial cases,  
 Bell Flirt's have been measured, deliberate embraces!  
 It's playing deep game, but the stake was a man,  
 And hunders on hunders have followed her plan;

Should they carry their point, it atones for the sin,  
 If they fail, "O, puir thing, the vile chiel's ta'en  
       her in!"

Waur than coom them ye canna, wha lye among  
       pats,

It's but herding nine months wi' the houlets an' bats,  
 And adds ane to the list of our misbegot brats.

Tibby Tattle began a lang-winded narration,  
 'Bout glaikin' wi' men in the course of gestation;  
 And just glanc'd from thence on the qualities mete  
 That adorned the brows of her ain bairn-time sweet;  
 When twa neighbours of hers called in by the way,  
 The one was gaun hame, and the ither to stay:  
 Our friends were thus parted. The reader may  
       smell—

Each told on the other, nor spar'd ev'n hersel'!  
 It's the way of the world: so, who wishes for peace,  
 Must keep family concerns to his ain family geese.

Having thus closed up my Tea jabbering store,  
 And display'd my extended colloquial lore;  
 In despite of myself, foolish *fancy* arises,  
 Creating, or seeing a cloud of surmises

O'ershadow the whole, and distinctly to trace  
 A Maulefame and Tattle in each little place—  
 To hear *thises*, and *thats*, place and person defin'd,  
 what was only for *general satire* design'd.

It were needless for me to confess, or deny,  
 “ It's the author's averment, and not worth a fly,”  
 While, besides, he believes, he has little at stake;  
 So, let them who apply it the consequence take.  
 “ Be na gaw'd, dinna fling,” is a proverb of mine,  
 And I only observe, ere the pen I resign,  
 That if one individual, chancing to hear it,  
 Think the character hers, *she is welcome to wear it.*

## THE SMIDDIE

~~~~~  
Nae mercy, then, for airn or steel;
The brawnie, banie, ploughman chiel,
Brings hard owerhip wi' sturdy wheel
The strong forehammer,
Till block and studdy ring an' reel,
Wi' dinsome clamour. BURNS.

~~~~~

Thump, thump, thump, goes the muckle fore ham-  
mer,

Sputter, spit fire, it's a walding heat;  
Reel, puff, blaw, hear man and studdy yeamer,  
And the red sparks phiz in the trinkling sweet

Snore, snore, snore, goes the brazen-nos'd bellows,  
Crackle, blaze, blaze, starts a fire on the hearth;  
Toasting their shins sit a row of young fellows,  
Though rude in their bother, yet loud in their  
mirth.

Cuddy Headrigg is under the smith's castigation,  
 And peals of loud laughter re-echos each stroke:  
 It seems he'd got drunk on a certain occasion,  
 And torn a bit hole in his little boy's frock.

Poor Cuddy unman'd by potations uncommon,  
 And where is the champion *malt* hath not foil'd?  
 Shrunk back from his wife, as he would from a foe-  
 man.

And Vulcan did add, that he "baw'd like a child."

A wink from Hugh Trotter now strengthened  
 Cuddy,  
 Who boldly retorts in asperity's tone;  
 "Man, it's lang to the day e'er your weans be torn  
 duddy,  
 Or ever your wife give a mother's glad groan!"

The laugh was rebounded at Vulcan's expence,  
 And Cuddy, in triumph, attacks Billy Whiffle;  
 The chiel had been courting a lass wi' some pence,  
 And believ'd them his ain, baith the lass and her  
*trifle.*

A Knight of the Thimble did enter the lists,

With persuasion as sharp as his ain button needle;  
 The twa took the bent, and were lost in the mists,  
 That o'erhang Whiffle's bride, when the tailor  
 did wheedle!

Nae doubt Bill felt sore, but a desperate plunge  
 Made Cuddy's leg-fauld like an ill whitten stick:  
 "His cattle were crazy, and fro'd like a sponge,"  
 Was the only way left him to parry the kick.

Trim Haliday's e'en, like scor'd collops are red;  
 "He's either been drinkin', or out at the lasses."  
 Hugh Trotter had ne'er better horse-flesh bestrid,  
 Appealing to Clipfarms, if any surpasses.

Clipfarms would allow her a gaye dainty cowte,  
 Yet, wish'd from his heart that her neck had been  
 broken,  
 "She's one of the thriftless, good meat-eating rowte,  
 That our huge, overgrown, farm appointments  
 betoken."

Hugh frankly admitted her work was not great,  
 Yet, thought that his master was bound to keep  
 Susan;

He hinted that luxury strengthen'd the State,  
By feeding the poor with the rich's profusion;

Clipfarms might concede that the maxim was good,  
Yet not to a *farmer* admit application;  
"Go, luxury, heap them with rood upon rood,  
And the plan will eventually ruin the nation!"

The one would exult in a flourishing stud,  
The other would joy in a neat little cabin,  
Where health, rosy health, might triumphantly  
bud—

Their dispute ran high—let us list to their  
gabbin.

#### CLIPFARMS.

Well, but supposing what you say,  
That rent counts short at Lady day,  
And that is granting more than true,  
At least, in my imperfect view;  
I'll prove, Sir John, for various causes,  
Had better let it in small pieces.  
Take, for example, one big lot,  
The tenant neither fool nor sot;

He rises early, every care  
 Employs to keep things fair and square,  
 His graith a' hale and working sweet,  
 His servants in subjection mete,  
 Yet, still, one evil must arise ;  
 For every point he has not eyes:—  
 Experience proves, beyond a question,  
 At times, they're loitering and wastin';  
 In general, among their feet,  
 A cotter's bairns might lift their meat;  
 And thus, unless they keep their station  
 By much superior cultivation,  
 The country must sustain a loss,  
 By linking rood to rood so closs,

## TROTTER.

As for superior cultivation,  
 That's clear, ev'n to a demonstration:  
 Your small possessor wants for baith,  
 The cattle, capital, and graith;  
 And all your arguments are lost  
 In that economy you boast;  
 For granting what you say were true,  
 It's only but a partial view,

And will produce, in its best features,  
 No more than just a change of eaters,  
 From him that grows, to him that buys,  
 There all the mighty difference lies,  
 And which of them, say if you please,  
 Is likely to economise,  
 When pinching poverty has herket,  
 That every snuff is in the market?

## CLIPFARMS.

That “need makes virtue” *all* admit,  
 But that not solves the question yet.  
 My cotter’s bairns I mean to rear  
 On quite unmarketable gear,  
 The which your system would consign  
 To litter cubs, or foster swine;  
 Would waste on pamp’ring up horse flesh,  
 On greyhounds, pointers, spaniels—trash!  
 Of this hereafter. But I pause,  
 To ask, by what imperious laws  
 You fix the lands productive state  
 Proportional ’twixt small and great?  
 I count each mouth the small sustains,  
 The larger only mocks your pains.

## TROTTER.

The taunt recoils upon the head  
 Of him whose ignorance could breed,  
 Foster, or lean, on such position;  
 Is there a single ar'thmatician—  
 A single boy of five years old  
 Who knows his figures, need be told,  
 That weigh an acre's product well,  
 And we, by it, may hundreds tell?  
 We count the mouths that *one* sustains,  
 The *whole* will soon *reward* our pains!

## CLIPFARMS.

Prove equal cropping, and I grant  
 A slate may help to what you want;  
 But ere the operations ended,  
 Perhaps I'll move for it amended;  
 Subtract some little acts of thrift,  
 Which you will drop, and I shall lift,  
 Perchance, some trifling cypher blot,  
 That represents a barren spot;  
 Or, may be, pardon the allusion,  
 Be forc'd, *in justice*, to shoot Susan!

Serious—you know that cultivation  
 Must move by regular rotation ;  
 But ours is such a broken soil,  
 With rocks, wells, swamps, and mosses vile,  
 That what were deem'd judicious cropping,  
 On one half plot like fatness dropping,  
 Oft leaves the other dead and bare,  
 Unworthy of a farmer's care.  
 What think you, then, since we have found,  
 Such patches would his plans confound,  
 If, just to help a starving trade,  
 We should employ a tradesman's spade  
 The swamp to drain, the rock to clear—  
 Give him a lease for nineteen year,  
 And try, if ere that lease be run,  
 The worthless waste he has not won,  
 And introduc'd in miniature,  
 Rotation's best, and boldest feature?

## TROTTER.

There's no occasion for the risk,  
 Tradesmen to spoil, when trade is brisk ;  
 For, if a spade must be employ'd,  
 And wealth from barren wastes decy'd,

Will not a farmer's skill inspect,  
 And common labourers direct  
 The tool, with more unerring thrust,  
 Than tradesmen will? I'm sure they must!

## CLIPFARMS.

True; but our frame is so constructed,  
 And health through such small tubes conducted,  
 That men of sedentary habits,  
 Close pent in shops, like burrow'd rabbits,  
 Must woo the smiling goddess fair,  
 In shape of exercise and air;  
 The only stimulate they've got  
 To keep the humours all afloat—  
 To keep the thick'ning blood in play,  
 The spirits buoyant, brisk and gay.  
 Hence, we the origin may trace,  
 Of *coits*—the *putting-stone*—the *race*;  
 But would not such odd moments fly,  
 As fleet, as sweet, as healthful by,  
 If he, in place of *club* and *bow*,  
 Should arm himself with *spade* or *hoe*,  
 And sally forth the same to wield  
 In cultivation of his field?

'This, "paltering in a double sense,"  
 Reclaims the land, reclaims the pence—  
 Completes the system health imposes,  
 And not one other moment loses.  
 Now, let us view this little spot  
 Appended to our larger lot :  
 It's waste, miscrop'd, or else demands  
 The culture of some extra hands ;  
 These must be paid. By whom ? or what ?  
 " The produce of their labour"—that  
 Is long ere it can clear the score ;  
 And, though I hinted nought before,  
 I find our farmer's contract rash,  
 And really he is short of cash.  
 The guineas do not always shine,  
 Where skill and enterprize conjoin,—  
 His bargain may be good for't all,  
 But then, his capital's too small,  
 And this, as felt in every station,  
 Sicklys and cramps each operation ;—  
 Perhaps he's credit—borrows part,  
 But interest eats his very heart :  
 His atmosphere begins to thicken,  
 Fear of the storm, the storm will quicken ;

For he, appearances to save,  
 Must rant and riot like the lave ;  
 Must sport his gun, his dog, and horse,  
 Lest neighbours should pronounce him worse !  
 This passes off, perhaps, a while,  
 But needy whispers burst and boil,  
 Successive fields, or crops, are harm'd;  
 His creditors become alarm'd;  
 Attorney Quibble rears his bristles:  
 Our farmer's a' to pigs and whistles!  
 Where now Sir John's long swinging rent,  
 His dashing tenant's cent. per cent.?  
 A ruin'd village, des'late, bare;  
 A rentless farm—a thriftless heir!  
 This proverb must recur with pain,  
 He'd “ better had sma' fish than nane.”  
 Should some yerde-hungry, chace the laird;  
 Some Deacon Grubworm be prefer'd,  
 Whose *only* quality we find,  
*A purse, that scones against the wind,*  
 'The race is only sooner run,  
 And sooner ends where we've begun.

## TROTTER.

You colour high, but not from life:  
 Though sinking 'neath victorious strife,  
 Our wealth, our means, are not so bad yet,  
 Thank heav'n! but tenants may be had yet  
 Substantial men, and skilful too:  
 "A rentless farm!" strange, what a view!  
 Language like that will never do.  
 Besides, blind zeal your wit outruns;  
 You seem, when introducing duns,  
 To have forgot, that dun who will,  
 The landlord claims hypothec still;  
 And thus, if in or out of doors,  
 Our country's law his rent secures.

## CLIFF FARMS.

The very point I wish'd you at;  
 His placks will ne'er turn pence by that;  
 For, where's the broken farmer gone  
 Was debtor to the laird alone?  
 Let him destrain—let him begin,  
 The other creditors get in;  
 Sweep from the girdle to the fold—  
 The crop—the very dung is sold,

Each field is scourged bare and blae,  
 And ev'n the stubble borne away!  
 Where is the man, with this in view,  
 So mad as would the lease renew?  
 Either the rent must be reduc'd,  
 Or sim'lar scenes will be produc'd;  
 Or else, compell'd to turn with pain,  
 Back to the little tacks again.  
 Ev'n there the evil is not ended—  
 Their little huts would once have mended,  
 But now, completely gone to ruins,  
 A vast expence must build them new 'ns;  
 And thus, in spite of all you say,  
 The landlord's loser every way.

## TROTTER.

An apt conclusion at the last,  
 But I'll not kiss the rod so fast;  
 The arguments which you have press'd  
 Sets not one single point at rest;  
 And, though so volubly urg'd on,  
 Will doubtless please yourself alone.  
 You try'd to cleave my client's hoof,  
 But bold assertion is not proof,

And there, unless the scene we shift,  
 Hangs all your *farming* tradesman's thrift.  
 Would not *his* cause look better now,  
 If garnish'd with the *why* and *how*?

## CLIPFARMS.

The scene we'll shift in half a minute.  
 Act Second—(we can thus begin it)—  
 A tradesman's plot, the tradesman in it;  
 His implements of culture by—  
 Ha! there's a thistle-head must fly;  
 That docken has no business there,  
 Potatoe plants call loud for air;  
 Yon bunch of grass, that sitfast shakes,  
 For see, his hoe in hand he takes—  
 Yes, there's a failure, that I grant,  
 A turnip must fill up the want—  
 The grub has ravaged some spots;  
 Barley is drill'd among the oats:  
 A sickly plant—a spot worn bare  
 Finds instant manure, culture, care;  
 Some drain's choak'd up—he's glad to hear it,  
 The dunghill frets till he can clear it;  
 Some drifts of cattle pass his door—  
 Their duug augments his gathering store!

Thus, what with sweepings, compost, art,  
 Aided by his wheel-barrow-cart,  
 Each patch drops fat, almost unbidden,  
 When aided by a *wally midden*.

Scene second, represents his cottage—  
 Inside, a smokeing mess of pottage,  
 With whey, or richer milk prepar'd,  
 By which one third of meal is spar'd;  
 A mantling bowl of milk from Crummock  
 At once invites and stays the stomach.  
 Now, breakfast mark, and understand,  
 That when a tradesman leases land  
 He does not think so much of price;  
 That's levy'd from the loom or vice,  
 As how his comforts he may swell  
 With milk and meal *within himsel'*;  
 I mention this, because I think  
 Comfort, and thrift one cup may drink.  
 Well then, his *Bear land* bends to both  
 His barley-bannocks and his broth;  
 His little garden yields a share  
 Of common culinary ware,  
 Some wholesome greens, a stock of lattice,  
 Creses and onions, stew'd potatoes,

With bacon ham, or slice of cheese;  
 A dinner, this, might lux'ry please!  
 The supper, spite of Cobbett's sneer,  
 Is food deservedly held dear;  
 Potatoes skin'd, and well beat up  
 With milk and butter, while a cup  
 Of Crummie's best doth wash them down;  
 Who would not supper with our clown?  
 Is any left,—now pray take heed,  
 They're bak'd up in to-morrow's bread,  
 While skins, pot-scrapings, and the like,  
 That would have gorg'd your dunghill sike,  
 Are sent to feed his little pig,  
 The which feeds him when it grows big;  
 His lighter corns unfit for milling,  
 Feed flocks of hens all fit for killing—  
 Waste is not—nay you need not laugh;  
 His mill dust thickens Crummie's *caff*;  
 And what of husks the sieve retains,  
 His wife is melting into soens\*.  
 Thus, what with soens, sallads, soups,  
 Pig-styes, potatoes, and hen-coops,  
 All must allow, unwarp'd with dottage,  
*A RUMFORD cooks in every cottage!*

\* See Dr. Johnson's Tour in the Highlands.

TROTTER,

All mighty well, uncontradicted,  
But if the libel was restricted  
'To arbitrary mete and fit,  
Your arguments would founder yet.  
I do not mean to rack my brain  
In search of what I'll ne'er attain;  
Whether the agricultural day,  
Or manufacturing should sway;—  
Perhaps the two should hang together,  
Like sister twins, on one anither;  
Yet still, divided labour claims  
'The sanction of illustrious names,  
And all that I have heard from you,  
Will scarce compell a different view.  
Belike the two, unite, may speed,  
But each must singly save its head,  
Or else your hugger-mugger jumble,  
Beneath its own dread weight will crumble.  
Though plagu'd with no prophetic skill,  
Your plan, I'll bet a Hawick gill,  
Must gender apathy and sloth,  
And in the end will ruin both:

Besides, though practicable found,  
 The landlord rests on slippery ground,  
 Whose rent, in times like this, depends  
 Upon a tradesman's finger-ends;  
 With stagnate prospects, dark as night,  
 One half of them are beggar'd quite,  
 And reason doubts much, if the other  
 Can raise a rent or help their brother.

## CLIPFARMS

That's harping on the very string  
 Humanity would wish to ring :  
 Look round the country, and mark well  
 The haunts where wretchedness doth dwell—  
 Say, if she hoards her withering kiss,  
 For little villages like this?  
 Contrast the city's roseless cheek,  
 With his who roams yon mountains bleak;  
 The sum of happiness, *the lack of want*  
 Is ten to one with the wild plant;  
 And, though the days are haply gone,  
 Pure clanish love so proudly shone,  
 Yet, where the man, whose heart of steel,  
 A tenant's happy smile can't feel?

Or, in a moral point of view,  
 Who would not glory in it too?  
 Look round the village, and declare,  
 What little tack we now could spare;  
 Or who would wish a change to see,  
 Unless it were from two to three?  
 Where is the patch 'mong them, whose fruits  
 Hath not nurs'd up some noble shoots?  
 O how superior every way,  
 In sage debate, or danger's day,  
 To him whose springless breath is drawn  
 Amidst the fry of city spawn!—  
 Observe them in life's morning hour,  
 Skip, barefoot, light, from flower to flower;  
 Joy dances, in a thousand shapes,  
 Around the rosy laughing apes,  
 While health, and strength, unwoo'd resorts  
 To mingle with their infant sports!

The Butterfly's warm eager chace,  
 Round with that smiling cherub trace,  
 Through wood and brake, o'er dale and heath  
 Inhaling odours every breath;  
 The mountain daisy skirts his path,  
 The Primrose blows his feet beneath,

The fox-glove glitters on yon brae,  
 Wild with young hope he shoots away,  
 Bounds o'er the brook, with sparkling eyes,  
 And round his bonnet wreaths the prize!  
 From craig to craig he nimbly skips,  
 In search of bilberries and hips;  
 The jutting points on which he hings;  
 His steady steps, his agile swings,  
 Divests his character of fear,  
 And forms a hardy mountaineer.  
 If faint, beneath noon's scorching beam,  
 He plunges in the tepid stream,  
 And, while his glowing form he laves,  
 Learns thus to stem more stubborn waves.  
 If weariness he chance to feel  
 Across his active limbs e'er steal,  
 His foggy couch is ever by—  
 The azure heav'ns his canopy,  
 Where straggling mists, or darker haze,  
 Attracts on high his wondering gaze:  
 Great Nature's Volume opens wide—  
 The lark sprung from the daisy's side;  
 Each flitting cloud, each gust of wind,  
 The flood, the flower, sublines his mind,  
 And proves a God, all good, all kind;

While *Revelation* lends her store,  
And brightens what was dark before!

The mountain-bee's unceasing hum  
Beats ind'stry's unflaging drum;  
The stately muircock is his guide  
To manly independent pride;  
The cushet coos his head above,  
From her he learns—yes, learns to love!  
That soft delicious passion plays  
Around his heart, no flickering blaze,  
But pure as reason's lamp e'er shone—  
A lover once, he still loves on!  
No dull satiety, no stale debauch,  
No midnight revel lifts her latch:  
But stealing out in twilight's shade,  
His swelling bosom meets the maid,  
Whose witching smile each doubt can solve,  
Inspire, refine, and nerve resolve.

If forc'd to mix in busy life,  
Where fraud breeds selfishness and strife,  
His morning dreams may melt in air,  
And life appear less worthy care:  
Yet still his onward steady pace,  
Through all the windings man must trace,

Commands respect, commands esteem;  
 And oft, like eve's soft setting beam,  
 Some native swell, some lofty burst  
 Of generous feeling, cottage nurs'd,  
 Will sweep along the darkning vale,  
 And kindle dying virtue's tale;  
 Dispel the clouds of jarring pride,  
 And brightens mankind's sunny side.

Is such a man compell'd to roam  
 Across the ocean for a home?  
 To burst each knot that love hath knit,  
 Assur'd of nought, save—he must flit!  
 What can he do? Where turn his head,  
 With smiling hope to bid God speed?  
 The lovely cottage gave him birth  
 Now, nettle skirted, sinks in earth;  
 His little patrimonial spot  
 Is swallowed up in some large lot;  
 His swelling lungs, wont to inhale  
 The rosy morning's fragrant gale,  
 Can find no spring, no comfort share,  
 In putrid streams of city air:  
 Unequal to mechanic sleight,  
 His spirits droop, his purse grows light,

And poor, pale, sickly, soon he'll sink  
 A squalid wretch on misery's brink !  
 Who then can blame him?—who deride,  
 Ev'n hopeless, though he cross the tide,  
 And make a desperate push to find,  
 Scenes more congenial to his mind?

O Scotia, may'st thou never feel  
 The want of his repelling steel !  
 But, should thy enemies of yore,  
 Dare ever to profane thy shore,  
 Or intrigue dark, in evil hour,  
 Demand the thunder of thy pow'r ;  
 Thy legislature may do well,  
 To draw from out the lonely dell,  
 Where, deep embosom'd, lov'd, yet fear'd,  
 The pillars of our strength are rear'd.  
 Should blind cupidity still war,  
 To drive that pillar'd strength afar,  
 Then surely, surely, the affair  
 Were worthy senatorial care !  
 To check depopulation's strides—  
 To fix upon our mountain sides,  
 A nursery of proud ascendance,—  
 A hardy haunt for independence,

Whence, war's shrill clarion might command,  
 In danger's day, a sturdy band,  
 Devoted, loyal, generous, brave,  
 Sworn to die free, or find a grave!  
 By acts like these t' elicit love;  
 This would, indeed, a patriot prove.

Hugh Trotter had screw'd up his mouth to reply,  
 Had extended his arm, and call'd fire to his eye;

But the fire in his pouch wrought a quicker explosion,  
 And pluff, his coat tail blew abreed the house-

riggin'.

The smiddie, struck dumb, was amaze, was commotion,  
 And gunputher-smeeek, in each neuk of the

biggin'.

The blankness of feature, that sought explanation,  
 When fright was found out, of scaith total their  
 lot,

Brought Hugh to confess, that he felt inclination,  
 To skelp, at the maukens, some twa or three  
 shot;

The treacherous horn had been priming his pocket;  
 A spark in collision produc'd the dread blast—  
 Thank God it's no worse! but the smiddie was  
 locket,  
 With "Clipfarms has clipet—has wing'd you at  
 last."

Our sage Bard reporter his tablets con'd over,  
 And muttered, sunk on his easy-chair cushion;  
 "When rustics like these can such int'rest discover,  
 The subject demands a more able discussion."

*A bad Apology for a worse Subject.*

~~~~~  
Weel might I kend that a' wasna right,
For I dream'd o' red an' green a' the last night !

Twa cats fightin',
An' twa pussies fightin',
An' twa cheeties fightin',

I waken'd in a fright.

M.S. Song.

~~~~~  
THE vernal equinox rebounds  
The echoing cry of Renton's hounds,  
See, to yon upland crowds repair,  
Tracing the timid flying hare ;  
While jocund wit, and mirth goes round:—  
“ There Sawnie strides two hundred pound,  
“ His horse, that rider, has the show—  
“ This carries well—that bears too low—  
“ Mark'd you the hare squat in yon furze:  
“ Here Andrew comes by pith of spurs;  
“ They've poach'd her up—this way she bends,”  
Hark! what a murderous gowl earth rends,  
Her beating heart 'twill burst in twain!  
Let's draw a curtain o'er the scene;  
Be still my heart—recall that tear!  
It meets rude *custom's* barb'rous sneer

Turn thou, my soul, from scenes of blood,  
 See nature in a milder mood:  
 Hear, with a plaintive face and air,  
 A tender-hearted girl declare,  
 How she has lost a favourite cat,  
 And ask her neighbour *Spiders*, that,  
 To raise her grief-declining spirits,  
 They'd string departed pussie's merits:  
 Says she, "'twill soothe to tranquil rest,  
 " Each murmuring passion in my breast,  
 " And be a source of emulation  
 " To all the kitten generation;  
 " Do, but this once, my whim accord,  
 " And thanks and praise I will afford."

Thus urg'd, posthumous fame to raise,  
 Sawnie agreed to sing her praise,  
 But stipulates first, if it should please,  
 She must reward with cakes and cheese.  
 This settled, he arrang'd his plan,  
 And to it thus, pell-mell, began:

#### EPITAPH.

Freed from every mortal ail,  
 Shrouded warm in honest fame,  
 Underneath this bleaching fail,  
 C\*\*\*\*\*'s Cat hath found a hame.

To praise a Cat for cakes and cheese  
 The other *Spider* did displease,  
 And, though he knew 'twas botheration,  
 He grounds on it this declamation.

## BAULDY.

Poor, poor, Fordyce, sad is thy fate!  
 How sunk from thy primeval state!  
 Time was, when dignified reserve  
 And independence brac'd each nerve,  
 When free as air each action glow'd,  
 And every word spontaneous flow'd;  
 If caprice, wit, or whim inspir'd,  
 Or love of fun, or fame, thee fir'd,  
 Thy song in ready numbers ran,  
 And freedom's friend bespoke the man.  
 But now—nay, ne'er attempt excuse,  
 To prostitute thy starveling muse,  
 And sing for bread in bites and bats,  
 Auld hunger'd horse and scabbed cats,  
 Degrades thy high-flown prudish stile  
 Below the vilest of the vile!

Fordyce was nettled thus to hear  
 His shop-mate Bauldy's flippant sneer,

And in defence of what he span,  
Warmly indignant, thus began.

## SAWNIE.

'Truce, friend, with such cold blooded railing,  
Point me the man who wants a failing—  
I grant, indeed, the game is low,  
But this you know, or ought to know,  
That all the parts of Nature's plan,  
Be't reptile, biped, cat, or man,  
Deserve, if well they act their part,  
The tribute of a tearful heart.  
Each creature hath its different sphere,  
And, tho' perfection dwells not here,  
Yet what comes nearest to that goal,  
Should be applauded by the whole.  
Now, let's apply this reasoning here,  
In pussie's case, it's plainly clear,  
Her merits call for warmer tears  
Than would the death of half her peers—

## BAULDY.

Stop there—I heard her mistress own,  
That down the stairs she would have stoun,  
And, in contempt of honours laws,  
Skim the milk-pail with dirty paws:

Clap stealing cream to your belief,  
And say, how do you like a thief?

## SAWNIE.

Grant that the case, 'tis still the same,  
My first position it wont lame.  
A zealous Calvinist once said,  
That " All was good that God had made:"  
A neighbour, that was standing by,  
And who, perhaps, held Paine as high,  
Turn'd to him, and, jocular mood,  
Ask'd, ' If he thought Diel was good?'  
The Calvinist replied: " Atweel,  
" I hold him to be a *good Deil*!"  
Thus puss, to make the story brief,  
Thus puss might be an excellent thief!  
But that's not what I meant to say,  
Her merits did not lye that way;  
No—she could rear her honest front  
'Midst hot suspicion, safe, unburnt:  
In vain did parritch cogs display  
Their reeking treasures to the day,  
If she but heard a mouse's rattle,  
Away she sprang, with furious ettle,  
And near indeed was mousie's hole,  
If death's dire nip she did not thole.

## BAULDY.

Her catch a mouse, an auld blin' hunks,  
 And good for nought but breeding punks!  
 Can you apply to her that line,  
 Which makes our Tabby's memory shine—  
*She never join'd in routs and squalls,*  
*Or with neighbours held cabals?*  
 No—for I've heard her lead a yell  
 Unrival'd by the tones of hell,  
 When every note fell misery blows.  
 Tell me, can this deserve applause?

## SAWNIE.

Strip such impure, bombastic stuff,  
 Of all its rude redundant juff,  
 And that dire yell you paint so blue,  
 Is nothing but a sexual mew  
 Which nature gave, instead of graces,  
 With this command, "Increase the species."  
 Yet—but I check the rising thought—  
 From it be this conclusion brought:  
 Strict modesty in female kind,  
 Has been esteemed time out of mind.

## BAULDY.

Well, swell with hyperbole your strain,  
 And burnish bright each jetty stain;

Still to this truth you must accede,  
 Your muse is but a hackney'd jade,  
 For, if a paltry bribe displays  
 Its tainted phiz, you pledge your lays,  
 and groveling low, wallowing in dust,  
 Sneak to your harp—because you must;  
 Besides, if cats must be your theme,  
 (Which, by the way, I think a shame,)  
 How comes it one could scarcely crawl  
 Must be sent to her “airy hall,”  
 While that you boasted as your own,  
 The pride and guardian of the town,  
 And was from Kate's proud lineage sprung,  
 “Silent and dark” remains unsung?  
 I fear, I fear, that dead to feeling,  
 To squeeze Parnassus grapes you're speeling!

## SAWNIE.

No, Sir, I glory there again,  
 And every selfish aim disdain;  
 In private griefs I stifle every cry,  
 And only to myself in secret sigh:  
 What cares the world though I have lost a cat,  
 Scalded my mouth, or tore my Sunday's hat?  
 Dare I presume to teaze it with my wail,  
 Screw up my face, and tell a doleful tale?

No—but a friend sustains an equal blow,  
 And asks my help to soothe her rankling woe;  
 Can I refuse, thus importun'd to chime,  
 Blow up my reed, and scour my rusty rhyme?  
 What tho' the *world* be not inclin'd to hear?  
 My strain is fitted but for friendship's ear:  
 Friendship! to thee I dedicate my lays;  
 Friendship! with thee I share the blame or praise;  
 Friendship! accept this poor effort to please,  
 And still with friendship's feelings criticise!

## BAULDY.

While that, and only that, remains your aim,  
 I blame you not to fan a tuneful flame;  
 But—

## SAWNIE.

Nay I appeal to you, by all the joys  
 Our hearts have shar'd, as children, men, and boys,  
 Did ever you the like from me require,  
 And such a wish evaporate in air?  
 If so, renounce me, my best name dispoil,  
 And brand me for that thing you hold most vile.

By this time twilight's mantle grey  
 By halves obscur'd the face of day,

Night slow ascends her ebon throne,  
Scatt'ring the beetle's drowsy drone,  
While sweeping bats in eddies play,  
Exulting over coward day.

Thus tyrant darkness sternly spake—  
“ Be hush'd each shuttle's noisy clack;”  
The disputants reluctantly obey,  
Pledging discussion on a future day.

*Address to the Author's Birth Day,*

ON REACHING HIS TWENTY-FIRST YEAR.

~~~~~  
O, but I hate this dull delay,
That cloudless sky, those molten seas!

SEA BOY'S CALL.

~~~~~  
OBSCURE, unknown, I've crept along,  
Wadling amidst life's moatly throng  
Inglorious, neither right nor wrong,  
                                Since time began,  
And now, by dint of her whip-thong,  
                                I'm twenty-one!

First pledge of love, a happy pair  
Bestowed on me their tender care,  
Exulting in the task, did share  
                                The pleasing part,  
Of fixing virtue's precepts fair,  
                                On my young heart.

But Heaven, whose ways are in the deep,  
To mortal ken rugged and steep,  
Soon caus'd my father fall asleep,  
                                Lamented hour!  
And left, unconscious they should weep,  
                                An infant four.

But see my mother, bath'd in tears,  
 Distracted with her rising fears,  
 Anx'ously view our tender years  
                                 With boding heart;  
 While poverty's chill blast she hears  
                                 Rustling apart.

*Puirteth* is but a barren soil,  
 And bleak misfortune's rigorous toil,  
 Ill fitted for the generous boil  
                                 Of youthful blood;  
 The virtues gi'e a sickly smile,  
                                 Through dirt and mud.

Haply I've past my lingering time,  
 Unstain'd by deeper shades of crime:  
 But, Oh! that clock's unceasing chime,  
                                 The same dull round,  
 Still peals the knell of wasted prime,  
                                 Complete wind bound:

No favouring breeze to stir my sail,  
 No patron's voice my course to hail,  
 No leading-star, dim, struggling, pale,  
                                 To guide my bark;  
 But plodding life's drear, misty vale,  
                                 Aimless and dark.

The Sun of Glory beams on high—

Upwards I turn my wistful eye,

Alas, the meteor gilded sky

Grows dark as night,

Nameless, obscure, what shadows fly

Across my sight!

Ah, it is hard to wear a chain—

To feel ambition start and strain,

Till visions wild enwrap the brain

Of wealth and fame,

Then champ the bit, and sink amain,

Unheard our claim!

Hath nature form'd, of baser stuff,

The man yon lordlings lamp doth snuff?

Strip and change place—does lord-worn buff

Mark more than brother?

Then why, ah! why, one will we cuff,

And cheer the other!

True, there are hearts, whose lofty boil,

Have climb'd proud honour's steep with toil—

Have bask'd in royal grandeur's smile,

Then, with disgust,

Turn'd on Retirement's lonely Isle

Their hope and trust;

True, there are men the brae have speel'd—

Have try'd a cast with crazy eild,

Then croak'd from underneath that shield

Hoarse declamation;

To young, to old, adrift, in bield,

Have dealt damation—

Have curs'd the levity of youth,

The drunkard's everlasting drouth,

The warm enthusiast straining truth

To gild his cause;

And even attack'd, with open mouth,

Patriots and laws!

What pity that the reverend sage,

Respected, hoary-headed age,

Should with the cynic tribe engage

In error's maze,

And blot the Biographer's page,

And noblest praise!

But youth and dotage court extremes—

Over and underate our claims,

And, since its woven in our frames,

The love of fame,

Why check the *hope* that dazzling flames,

Round deathless name?

Then O for some hope-cheering day!  
Some busy field—some proud display—  
Some Mentor sage to point my way,  
To ply the test!  
Let firm resolve and energy,  
Perform the rest.

## *Address to the Comet of 1811.*

~~~~~  
Lo! from the dread immensity of space
Returning, with accelerated course,
The rushing Comet to the sun descends;
And as he sinks below the shading earth,
With awful train projected o'er the heavens,
The guilty nations tremble. THOMPSON.

~~~~~

HAIL, portly stranger! blazing wonder, hail!  
Celestial visitant, whose mighty round,  
Waves o'er the world such ponderous length of tail,  
That half the glorious orbs of night seem drown'd.

On thee, attention fixing every eye,  
With various feelings doth thy presence scan;  
Some cheerful trace thee through the tractless sky,  
While others dread thee as the foe of man.

Hark how the din of superstition swells—  
Poor hagard imp! her phantom forming brain,  
Strange depravation, fondly seeming, dwells  
Upon the ills that batten in thy train:

War, famine, pestilence, and earthquakes dire,  
Are conjur'd up and set in dread array;

Or else, condemn'd to set the globe on fire,  
Thy presence points to nature's final day!

Not such the language godlike reason holds,  
When star-ey'd science lifts his tube to thee,  
The harmless purport of thy blaze unfolds,  
And proves thy splendour borrow'd all to be;

Points out thy path, and wonders by what laws,  
Propel'd through space, thy lengthen'd orbit runs,  
Beyond the bound where fancy seems to pause,  
To other worlds, perhaps, and other suns:

Then drawing forth proud computation's pen,  
Begins thy next appearance to unroll;  
Confirming thus, to philosophic ken,  
The various harmony of nature's whole.

And is there, can there be in all thy round,  
O thou whose orb doth boundless ether rove,  
A single wretch, with light of science crown'd,  
Who pays thy Maker not respect and love?

Is there on earth conceptions that can grasp  
Creation's grandeur, matter, mould, and mind,

Nor once their hands in adoration clasp?  
 Forbid it every friend to human kind!

But, lovely stranger! soon thy narrowing disk  
 Must be withdrawn from our admiring gaze—  
 Farewell! while I one fond conjecture risk,  
 What you may find mankind in future days.

At present, gloomy are the dread alarms  
 That lurk below dark prejudice's robe,  
 Outrag'd humanity is up in arms,  
 And war, and bloodshed lords it o'er the globe:

But may not Time, with liberal Virtue's aid,  
 Lay prejudice and passion at their feet,  
 And meek Humanity, that heaven-born maid,  
 As Queen on earth, thy next appearance greet?

Yes! let us hope, that *Reason's* rising sway,  
 Completed in a few revolving years,  
 Will bid the hostile nations of to-day,  
 All move, harmonious, as yon circling spheres.

## THE KIRK SQUABBLE,

A VISION.

~~~~~  
Surely dreams were ne'er indicted treason.—BURNS.
~~~~~

DARK was the Poet's dream by night,  
And flitting visions scar'd his sight;  
Low muttering thunders shook the ground,  
And clanging wings were heard around;  
When, full before his fearful gaze,  
Two sightly sp'rits of other days,  
Cut short their course in mid-way air,  
And sobb'd aloud their growing care.

The one, array'd in vestments strange,  
Gave Calvin's form to fancy's range—  
The other shewed, through shaggy locks,  
The rugged features of John Knox:  
But all array'd in wrathful guise,  
They bent their darkly scowling eyes  
Upon a merry banded quorum,  
Who push'd about the potent jorum,  
Till fairly sick of sober drinking—  
Quite tir'd of fame, of friends, and thinking,

They started up, in wild uproar,  
 And shook their fists upon the floor;  
 "Villian," and "Scoundrel!" sounded high;  
 Chairs, Tables, Glasses, mingling fly—  
 The crash, like nature's passing bell,  
 Struck decency's departed knell;  
 Her dying shriek was heard by John,  
 Was heard, and answered with a groan.

Our bard's compassion mov'd him here,  
 And thus he claim'd attention's ear:  
 "Spirit of Calvin, tell me why  
 You bend on earth that tear-swoln eye?  
 Say, stern John Knox, what means that frown,  
 When Scotland's kirk is all your own?"  
 "Mine own!" cried he, "Alas the day  
 That such a word you ere should say—  
 But see yon lads who long have led it,  
 And say if such can yield me credit?"

"When I the papal power assail'd,  
 The grossest evil that prevail'd,  
 Was priestcraft selling, in retail,  
 Indulgencies they'd bought wholesale,  
 And, by a consequence, thus bred  
 The wicked lives those Clergy led:

But, tracing still the rugged road,  
 That Calvin had before me trod,  
 I rous'd at last the Scottish nation,  
 And wrought a happy reformation;  
 While, that posterity might see,  
 Some traces of the parent tree,  
 I introduc'd some rigorous rules,  
 To check the peccancy of fools.  
 But these, alas! too sharp, too sage,  
 Please not the palate of this age;  
 And tho' your priests be learn'd and clever,  
 They're nearly grown as bad as ever.  
 Complaints run high, (all parties joining),  
 That public morals are declining;  
 But who, that sees yon guardian sample,  
 Can better hope from their example?

“ A few, indeed, 'tis freely granted,  
 Are in demeanour fairly sainted,  
 Who meekly sage, like Mecca's pigeon,  
 Pourtray the semblance of religion  
 With ritual pomp before the eye;  
 But then to see their gowns thrown by;  
 Good God! I've often thought the while,  
 Had spirits blood, that mine would boil;

To watch the solemn scene on Sunday;  
 Hear death and fire denounc'd on Monday;  
 Then see them shift their pulpit faces,  
 And hear them chuckling o'er their glasses,  
 With such a loosen'd flow of mirth—  
 It staggers faith in pastoral worth;  
 Ev'n charity can hardly wink,  
 And wary justice needs must think,  
 That half the sacred truths they teach  
 Are held as such—but when they preach!

“ It might be politic and wise,  
 To dress state truths in holy guise,  
 And arm the *magisterial* rod  
 With terrors from the laws of God,  
 As long as men, all rude, unletter'd,  
 Were with barbarious trammels fetter'd;  
 While thus, by pious fraud reclaim'd,  
 The *agents* might be little blam'd.  
 But now, when learning's eagle flight,  
 Hath bless'd mankind with better light,  
 And taught to prize, in every station,  
 The blessings of subordination—  
 When every Scot can write, can read,  
 And scan the merit of his creed:

When gospel treasures are display'd,  
 And moral truth in smiles array'd,  
 Hypocrisy, in holy matters,  
 Will find, I hope, but few abettors.  
 Now, in Religion's meek attire,  
 If men like these, who dare aspire  
 To feed the flock and wear the fleece—  
 Whose every office breaths of peace,  
 Be found to grieve their reverend mother  
 By shameful fightings with each other;  
 Or else, (a crime not surely less),  
 Indulge in riotous excess,  
 On dissipation's giddy brink,  
 What is the sober world to think?"

Our "rough reformer" made a pause,  
 And Calvin thus took up the cause:  
 "What grieves me most," he gravely said,  
 "Is, that Religion, heav'nly maid!  
 Will be brought in, and forc'd to veil  
 Their passions with impetuous zeal:  
 For though the ground of their dispute  
 Hath nearly struck detraction mute;  
 A lady, by whose life and manners,  
 Such disputants might well be gainers;

And though I am convinced that,  
 No Cardinal e'er wore a hat,  
 Did ever pass creation's portals  
 As useful to his fellow mortals,  
 As is the gentleman whose name,  
 We've heard yon reverend spark's defame:  
 Yet still, it must be own'd that scandal  
 Hath got a most convenient handle,  
 And thus pretended zeal will plaister  
 Wounds, that had, else, got leave to fester."

With stern regard Knox ey'd his master—  
 " *Pretended zeal! and leave to fester!*  
 I fear," cried he, with strong emotions,  
 " You harbour too indulgent notions!  
 When the 'last trumpet's blast' I blew  
 Against that monstrous female crew;  
 I was convinced, and am so still,  
 That women are but weak of will,  
 Yet let them once get out their horns,  
 They goad our sides with constant thorns.  
 Hence, crushing vice where'er it buded,  
 Along the leaning line I scuded,  
 And loping off all mildewed ears,  
 I triumph'd even in Mary's tears!

This might procure the title 'rough'  
 Or 'canting zealot,' and such stuff;  
 But he, who hopes to plant new grace,  
 Among this stubborn, hardy race,  
 Must brave detraction's every shock  
 Unbending as his native oak,  
 And with destruction's trumpet sound,  
 Till trembling echo wake around.

"In truth, my friend, I really dread  
 That Church discipline's fairly dead,  
 For, were there but a proper mound  
 Erected holy things around;  
 Did manly firmness guard the altar,  
 And rigorous truth no longer faulter,  
 I trust that pious peculators,  
 That runaways, and fornicators,  
 Would vanish like the early dew—"

Here John cut short, for, from afar,  
 Was dimly seen the morning-star—  
 The hen-roost's herald shrilly crew—  
 Aloft in air the vision flew.  
 The whizzing of their upward flight,  
 Awak'd our bard to growing light—

He rubb'd away sleep's mantling steam,  
And, as he hail'd the morning beam,  
Was glad to find the whole—a *dream*.

# CLERICAL CONSCIENCE.

A TALE

*(In imitation of Crabbe.)*

~~~~~  
Ae swallow does na mak' a simmer. SCOTCH PROVERBS.
~~~~~

THE reverend C\*\*\*\* wore bands, and look'd as  
grave,  
As sober, and as little “passion's slave,”  
As ever priest did trembling guilt confess;  
But ministers are men—nay, sometimes less!  
The virgin bloom that deck'd young Ellen's cheek  
Had vanish'd all, save one poor hectic streak,  
Which only show'd more glaringly the case;  
Yes, all her form gave proof of C\*\*\*\*'s embrace!

What could be done? His flock might fear to trust  
Their souls with one had prov'd himself frail dust;  
More dreadful still, if dead his holy cure,  
The stipend also dies in that dread hour:  
One only way, “Dear brother, take my place,  
And draw these purse-strings over the disgrace—

O matchless love! degraded nature smil'd,  
When layman C\*\*\*\* stood bound for Ellen's child.

The lapse of time, this *Christian pillar* found,  
With holy semblance, tread his pious round;  
At birth or bridal, wear a grace-proud face,  
And, when a child of love came to the place,  
None wagg'd their tongue against the hapless pair,  
More long, more loud, more senselessly severe.

Successful sin, beneath religion's cloak,  
Now steel'd a heart, which was, at best, of rock;  
Mean sorded habits grow upon the soul,  
Eating all sense, till Ellen's yearly dole,  
Less by degrees, had vanished in whole.  
The calls of nature are not staunch'd on air,  
A chubby boy needs more substantial fare;  
Want lends rude eloquence a pathos wild,  
“Where go, but to the father of my child?”

Alas! May's breeze might sooner Snowden wear;  
With brazen front the father could appear—  
His crime's proscribed—the church wont turn him  
out;  
“And where's your proof? 'Tis plain, beyond a  
doubt, .

The sacred robe, worn by each son of grace,  
 Will turn your tale back on the teller's face,  
 While angry ruin, red, might round you blaze,  
 Durst you a *famal clamosa* to raise?"

' *Fathers have flinty hearts!*' she cried, and flew  
 To search her trunk, for guilty proofs, the view  
 Of which, 'tis said, had rent his robe in twain;  
 But, cunning C\*\*\*\*, the search was all in vain,  
 The lock was pick'd, her letters wholly fled—  
 Gods! can thy thunders slumber o'er the deed!  
 Ellen had yet one pull; a straggling few  
 Had been mislaid, nor met the spoiler's view,  
 These careful kept, were read by legal eyes,  
 And C\*\*\*\*'s swoll'n purse pronounced a legal prize:  
 Still must the wretch escape, oft our blind frame  
 Writes erring mercy on the rolls of shame;  
 Her council's kindness took monition's form,  
 And pointed out the darkly rolling storm—  
 Th' affair was hush'd! what cannot guineas do?  
 His flock hoodwink'd! will conscience be so to?  
 Or will, or is, with hypocritic nod,  
 That man permit to mock the Throne of God,  
 And lead devotion when a people pray?  
 Strange things are done on earth!

*Address to Burns' Grave, 1807.*

~~~~~  
But who like Burns could pour the song,
And tell the tale that ne'er seems long? BELL.

~~~~~  
BE still, my heart! be still and calmly view  
With stedfast eye, this sacred, hallowed spot!  
Ye flood-gates stop, ah! stop the pearly dew,  
Distilling quick the cheek of mirth to blot.

Ah no, 'tis vain, my feelings burst their way,  
And sighs restrain'd but makes the heart more sad;  
Then, let's indulge the melancholy lay,  
And pour my heart-notes o'er the low-laid Bard.

Poor hapless Burns! "ill-fated, ill-star'd youth!"  
How soon he ran his splendid short career,  
Like winter's sun, far in the watery south,  
A moment bright, the next to disappear!

Now cold the heart, whose philanthropic glow  
Distended wide, knew no restraining bound;  
But taught the rose of social sweets to blow,  
From Isle to Isle, old Ocean's bed around.

Now sunk the genius, eagle-ey'd and bold,  
Which sightless soar'd above the pride of schools—  
Replete with nature's fire, did wide unfold  
Fair virtue's precepts—scourg'd oppression's tools;

Depicted nature—in his “ wood notes wild,”  
He caught her living on her noblest plan;  
She, in revenge, did form him sorrow's child,  
A happy poet, but a hapless man!

Peace to his ashes, ah! too soon disjoin'd!  
But peace, my heart! you know not heav'n's dark  
way;  
While *Coila's* wreath is round his brow entwin'd,  
With hopeful fervour rather let us pray,

That from his ashes, Phoenix like, may spring,  
Inspir'd by Fame's invigorating hand,  
Some youngling bard, who boldly in the ring,  
Against prevailing rottenness may stand:

May stem the tide of luxury swell'n high,  
And open wide benevolence every sluice—  
May soothe the sorrows of the tear-worn eye,  
And teach the ignorant their end and use.

*A Mother's Address to the Annual Return  
of the Day on which her Infant Daughter  
died.*

~~~~~  
That child came, like a ray from heaven,
Which shines and disappears.

HOME.

~~~~~  
NOVEMBER's blast shoots through the sky,  
And howls the rugged trees among,  
While flakes of snow in eddies fly,  
And sweep a whitning train along.

The feather'd songsters seek the copse,  
Or 'mong yon furze a shelter find;  
And from the field the labouring ox  
Stalks homeward, with the dripping hind;

All nature groans beneath the blast—  
Loud and more loud, I hear it rave;  
Such strong convulsions cannot last,  
I calmly think on Mary's grave!

Ah me! how dark, gloomy, and sad,  
The prospects are that wont to cheer;

My airy dreams are ever fled,  
Borne, borne from me on Mary's bier!

Deceitful hope! how did I build  
Upon thy glittering rainbow base?  
How did I fondle o'er my child,  
And dwell upon each opening grace?

How did I hope to see the rose,  
Just budded on thy cheek so fair,  
A beauteous full-blown form disclose,  
Unstain'd by vice, undim'd by care?

How did thy fond endearments twin'd  
Around my heart, her powers engage,  
In painting thee, by heaven design'd,  
The solace of my drooping age!

In fancy's eye, I saw thee tend  
My couch of sickness, pain, or grief,  
I heard thy prayers to heaven ascend,  
And for thy mother beg relief;

I saw thee watch the languid eye—  
Give up to me thy wonted rest,

And oft suppress the struggling sigh  
That heav'd within thy grief torn breast;

I hop'd—but, ah, that hope is fled!  
When life's vain struggles all were past,  
Upon thy breast to lay my head,  
And in thy arms breathe out my last.

Vain are the hopes of feeble man!  
Time's restless tide sweeps fast away;  
Himself, and all his airy plans,  
Are but the "Children of a day."

But why indulge this waste of grief?  
Why tear a heart already torn?  
Is there no balm can bring relief,  
Or blunt my bosom-rankling thorn?

Bleak earth, 'tis true, this annual day,  
One sigh, one murmur, cannot save—  
Her vernal sweets are fled away—  
Not even a flower to deck her grave;

But trace her to her native skies,  
Her earthly form to heavenly yields;  
The flowers our barren earth denies,  
She'll gather in Elysian fields;

There twine that wreath she nopes to deck  
Her father's and her mother's brows,  
And there a lovely bower erect,  
Set round with ever verdant boughs,

Where friendship, love, and lasting joy,  
Shall find secur'd their highest zest,  
And chanting praise, the sweet employ,  
Of them, were erst with grief opprest;

'Midst purling streams of fresh delight,  
And fountains lasting life that yield,  
Enrob'd in never fading light—  
Our happiness confirmed and seal'd!

With hopes like these, cheer up my mind!  
Soon, weary worn, this earthly load  
Will be to mother-dust resign'd,  
My soul her flight wing to our God.

*On the Death of a Friend.*

~~~~~  
Friendship, mysterious cement of the soul,
Sweetner of life, and sodder of society,
I owe thee much.

BLAIR.

~~~~~  
AWAKE, my muse, thy votive strain!  
Strike the lyre, soft, sad, and low,  
Till breeze borne echo sweep the plain,  
Where Clyde's pure winding waters flow,  
And far Benvorleigh swell again,  
The measure of thy heart-felt woe!

Alas! the invocation is in vain—  
No fairy minstrel the petition hears;  
Silent the "harp of Cona" must remain,  
The strings are steeped with affection's tears;  
The tears of friendship, that long, long will flow,  
A tribute sad to parted worth laid low.

Yet, though no inspiration wakes my lay,  
Save that which struggles through a dropping tear,  
Still shall my *theme* have one triumphant day,  
If read by half who hold his memory dear:  
For ne'er did death's cold icy touches freeze  
A heart that held more willing powers to please.

'To him the suppliant never turn'd in vain,  
 When he the means possess'd could bring relief;  
 Nor e'er, to him, did sufferer complain,  
 And not confess that kindness sooth'd his grief;  
 For meek benevolence, by virtue shed,  
 With radiant glory play'd around his head!

Though his the fate—a fate akin to mine,  
 In life's sequestered fameless walk to move,  
 Yet private worth may there as purely shine,  
 As in the palace, or the rich alcove.  
 The lowly daisy, by the tulip's side,  
 Hath tints unmatched by Flora's gaudiest pride:

Thus he, amidst his unaspiring peers,  
 The daisy of their fond affections rose,  
 And still the tie grew with those fleeting years,  
 Did all his rare, his riper powers disclose:  
 For never genius nurs'd a kinder heart,  
 Or friendship sigh'd more bitterly to part!

How oft, when twilight spread her mantle grey,  
 And sober evening lent refreshing shade,  
 Have we ascended yonder flowery braise,  
 And stretch'd at ease upon our foggy bed,  
 Enjoy'd the luxury of kindred thought,  
 Communion pure, and pleasure every draught?

Or, when the winter's tempest-spreading scowl  
 Had plac'd a party round his cheerful fire,  
 We hail'd him still the animating soul,  
 Did every gambol, every sport inspire—  
 Richly facetious—innocently gay,  
 His galless jests like meteor beams did play—

Like meteor beams that flit athwart the sky,  
 We point their place, and, lo! the gleam is gone:  
 Thus, equal transient, earth's enjoyments fly,  
 Remembrance sad remains with me alone—  
 Remembrance sad, that conjures up the ghost  
 Of joys departed, ah! for ever lost!

Adieu, dear dim-seen spirit of the sky—  
 If virtue here must rise to bless above,  
 Thy airy form is surely hovering nigh,  
 The guardian angel of its former love!  
 Delightful hope! Probation's duties o'er,  
 We join our friends, “ we meet to part no more.”

*On a Brother's Death.*

~~~~~  
A pang to secret sorrow dear,
A sigh, an unavailing tear. GRAY.
~~~~~

AT length the grisly tyrant has prevail'd,  
The king of terrors all his work hath done!  
Cold in the coffin his remains are nail'd,  
And "Dust to dust" unalterably must run.

His better part—that part which mocks death's  
    dart,  
Has wing'd to other worlds its mystic flight;  
And all the secret actions of the heart,  
Stand full disclos'd amidst a blaze of light.

But *Hope*, which cheers the death-bed of the just,  
Paints *Mercy* smiling on each Ethiop stain—  
    Promise confirm'd, let us that mercy trust,  
And hail his death a sweet release from pain.

"Alas, 'tis hard," rebellious nature sighs.  
"Be hush'd, be hush'd, his sufferings were severe;"  
    "Ah true, too true!" soft sympathy replies,  
"But patient helplessness made him more dear."

No more, indeed, the eye of pity swells,  
 No more his moan of agony we hear;  
 But, ah! no more he of our kindness tells,  
 With smile bright glittering in affection's tear.

No more we see his labouring bosom heave—  
 Panting for breath the lungs want room to play;  
 No more to hear his rattling cough we grieve,  
 Chasing life's slender comforts far away;

No more his poor emaciated frame,  
 Swoll'n legs, and sunken eyeballs meet the sight;  
 Nor burning hectic lights her deadly flame;  
 All, all is veil'd in death's dark dreamless night.

But, can remembrance quit the busy scene,  
 When youth, and health, and frolic mirth were his?  
 Can a fond mother her sad tears restrain,  
 When fancy frolics between *was* and *is*?

Can she, when counting o'er her props of age,  
 The wintry solace of declining years,  
 Fail to lament, when push'd from off the stage,  
 Her goodliest hope—her stoutest prop she sees?

Will not a sister miss him from her side,  
 When female weakness looks protecting care;

When timid steps need countenance or guide,  
Her stay, her trust—her brother is not there?

When village sports, at twilight dimly seen,  
Bids old and young to witness or to share,  
The victor's shout, exultive on the green,  
Proclaims aloud, our brother is not there.

When after supper, round the winter fire,  
Our social circle draws in converse sweet,  
When heart meets heart, co-mingling each desire,  
And lazy time sweeps past on pinions fleet—

The sigh, half crush'd—a tear brush'd quickly by;  
A conscious glance, met on his empty chair,  
Will oft repeat, what none him knew deny,  
A warmer heart will never more sit there.

For me, when I forget our last embrace—  
The blessing struggling on his parting breath—  
The love-lit radiance play'd upon his face,  
Unblench'd and manly in the grasp of death,

May friendship stab me with deceit's dark spear,  
May love refuse the soul-wrap'd boon I crave!  
And may this bosom, blank, unfriended, drear,  
Sink early to an unregretted grave!

*Inscription for a Monument to the Memory  
of Sir John Moore.\**

~~~~~  
We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moon-beam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

* * * * *
Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory:
We carv'd not a line, we rais'd not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.
~~~~~

MOORE, to whose memory this pile is rear'd,  
Stood fair, stood high upon the rolls of fame,  
In private lov'd, in public life rever'd,  
The man, the hero, had an equal claim.

Appointed to a hazardous command,  
With wisdom's law,  
Proud valour saw,  
Him guide his little but intrepid band,  
'Thro' toils, thro' dangers, in a hostile land.

\* Immediately after the fall of our gallant countryman, the inhabitants of Glasgow, and its vicinity, set on foot a Subscription for erecting a Monument to his Memory. Between 3 and £4,000 were subscribed for. How the design came to be relinquished, I do not recollect to have seen satisfactorily explained. This was wrote as the faint outline of an Inscription.

In vain the legions of o'erwhelming Gaul

Hung on his rear, exulting all,

That Britain's lion now must fall!

When dangers prest,

By all confest,

New energies inspir'd his breast;

And calm, collected, 'midst the mighty strife,

He roll'd the tide reflux with his life!

Corunna heard him breathe his latest sigh,

For Spain, a pattern how to live—and die!

Proud of her nursling, Glasgow claims her right,

The grateful, soothing, melancholy joy,

Of shrouding merit in a robe of light,

And whispering fame, that *Moore was born her boy*.

## THE SPAIL HORSE.

AN ELEGY.

~~~~~  
The poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance, feels a pang as great,
As when a giant dies. SHAKESPEARE.
~~~~~

Go, trusty servant, from thy birth,  
And mingle with thy mother earth;  
Death's loos'd at last thy saddle-girth—  
The spail horse is dead.

No more thy slender pigmy form,  
Shall bend beneath the midnight storm;  
Low laid—poor feast for glutton worm!  
The spail horse is dead.

Ye ponies round the country mourn;  
Lament lest it should be your turn,  
To drie the illſ that he hath borne,  
The spail horse that's dead.

Tanners and souters may rejoice,  
And shape their shoon wi' little noise—

L

Thy half-tann'd hide has seen sic ploys,  
 Poor spail horsie dead!

"Twere vain dissembling o'er the grave:  
 Through life thou wert the constant slave  
 Of all who durst thy help to crave,  
 Ere thou, spail horse was dead.

C—b—n long had thee at his beck,  
 W—nh—l thy withers rode to wreck,  
 And W——n oft hung by the neck  
 Of him the horse that's dead.

Thy mistress, snug on thee enthron'd,  
 The e'en frae monie a dub has scon'd,  
 And erst, beneath M—— M—— he groan'd!  
 The spail horse that's dead.

Ev'n 'prentice callens gaun to see  
 The lasses, have made free wi' thee;  
 And oft behind some bieldless tree,  
 They ty'd my horse that's dead.

But, Och! aboon them a' let's mourn  
 That wæfu' day, when Cunnenburn  
 Round Gallashiels did tak' a turn  
 Wi' him, the horse that's dead.

From that time forth, a constant sneeze,  
 A limp, a croup, or breathless wheeze,  
 Deny'd poor Donald health or ease,  
                   Till now, the horse is dead.

O Davie L—ch, thou monster hoar!  
 Whom all who love horse flesh abhor,  
 I'll never ape thy conduct more,  
                   Since Donald dear is dead.

The tear that glistens on my cheek,  
 Must forcefully my feelings speak;  
 For him, I'll aiblins greet a week,  
                   The spail horse is dead!

The raven's hoarse that croak's his knell,  
 The breeze is chill that rocks the bell,  
 Akin to both, the rhymes that tell  
                   The spail horse is dead.

*Supposed by a Young Lady on leaving her  
Native for America.*

~~~~~  
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms.

GOLDSMITH.

~~~~~  
WHAT means that sigh's involuntary swell?  
Why drops that solitary trickling tear?  
I feel it solv'd by that sad word, farewell,  
To you, my friends, and youth's companions dear.  
Parents, adieu! You think the prospect drear,  
But, brothers, sisters, why so sad at heart?  
Does not fond hope point out some other year,  
In musty time's dark mist-envelop'd chart,  
When we shall meet more dear, perhaps, not thence  
to part?

'Tis not a wandering exile that I roam,  
Banish'd by crime from Scotia's favoured Isle,  
Compel'd to seek a transitory home  
Wherever fate will give me leave to toil:  
From such a prospect nature would recoil,  
And palid fear might chill more ardent blood,

But better hopes await a brother's smile,  
 Portending fortune and fair friendship's bud,  
 By Skuyllkill or the Del'ware's massive rolling flood

Yet oft, at eve, when the broad setting sun  
 Shakes cooling dew-drops from his parting beams,  
 Plays sportive on the shadowing umbrage dun,  
 Or tints with gold the gently murmuring streams,  
 I'll wander forth, indulging fancy's dreams,  
 Swift on her airy wings I'll take my way,  
 To where each tree on recollection teems  
 Account of some young pleasurable day,  
 When infant loves, friends, books, held each alter-  
 nate sway.

Oft will I figure the Autumnal fire,  
 That cheerful scene of mirth and frolic glee,  
 His reaper train, circling my hoary sire,  
 Who counts them round, and thinks, perhaps, on me!  
 Then brushing sorrow from his manly e'e,  
 He joins their sports, promotes, and marks the while,  
 The galless jest, the love glance rolling free,  
 The ready burst of pleasure's playfull smile,  
 And all the oblivious draught that gulfs their weary  
 toil.

At harvest-home, when winter is brought in,\*  
 And sprightly youth leaps joyous from the cart,  
 I'll think how oft I've swell'd the festive din  
 With joys loud laugh directly from the heart:  
 Or when the village revels, with more art,  
 Had gathered form mirth's merits to enhance,  
 I'll think how oft I play'd a sprightly part,  
 And lightly led the mazy sweeping dance,  
 While pleasure's rosy smile did harmonize each  
 glance.

Oft will I paint yon mouldering moss-clad tower,  
 At eve, grey shadowing the silver moon;  
 The dear retreat of love's enraptur'd hour  
 From prying eyes, or summer's sultry noon:  
 While, whether fed by fortune's bitter spoon,  
 Or quaffing nectar by her bounteous side,  
 I'll eager beg of heav'n this constant boon,  
 That HE, whose arm doth various nature guide,  
 Would deign, with guardian hand, to *bless the Vale  
 of Clyde.*

\* Leading in the last cart of corn is called, "Bringing in winter," and the person driving the cart frequently saluted with a paleful of water thrown about his ears. I have been at a loss to discover the mystical signification of this, unless it were to intimate, that, by removing the last fruits of the field, the great bond of protection from the God of Seasons is removed, and man left exposed to the rigours of relentless winter.

## LAW INTELLIGENCE.

CRIB v. COOPER.

*A burlesque on some anonymous Poems, partly  
imputed to the Author.*

~~~~~  
I must and will have justice,
Or, by the gods! I'll lay a scene of blood
Will make this dwelling horrible to nature. OTWAY.
~~~~~

CRIB *versus* COOPER was an action,  
Brought for a scandalous transaction;  
Where papers of a libelous nature,  
Containing mean attempts at satire,  
In which gross malice bore th' ascendant,  
Were wrote and publish'd by defendant.  
The cause was mov'd at Renton's bar,  
But he was busy learning war;  
So now it came, by advocacy,  
Before a court of magistration,  
Indeed, as high as it would carry,  
Lord Provost and a special jury.  
Bright Thalia, comic maid was there,  
The rights of poesy to declare;  
And Scotia's Genius of the Clyde  
Did o'er th' aerial court preside.

'Th' indictment read, the jurors seated,  
 Glib Warplaw for the plaintiff stated:—  
 “ That what had rais'd this wild uproar,  
 Was found upon Hugh Cooper's door;  
 A libel gross, whose leading feature,  
 Did tend to vilify the nature,  
 The name, the character, and cause,  
 Of him whose advocate he was—  
 That it his clients mind had fretted,.  
 His reasoning powers had underrated—  
 Upon his friends thrown side reflections—  
 Presum'd to teaze him with directions—  
 Rediculing his honest thrift,  
 And scattering obloquy like drift;  
 Depicting him, and spouse, as jobbers,  
 Mean, dirty, sneaking, upstart robbers;  
 And all for what? Pray point the harm?—  
 Because, forsooth! he'd leas'd a farm.

“ That this, like some bewitching glamour,  
 Had rais'd a hideous pop'lar clamour,  
 Whereby the feelings of his wife,  
 Dearer to him than parting life,  
 Were wounded deep, her health impair'd;  
 And as the world did Hugh regard

With strong suspicion's piercing eye,  
 He hop'd the court would duly weigh  
 The vast importance of the crime,  
 And signal vengeance take in time."

Defendant own'd the thing was faulty,  
 Yea, greatly so, but pled "Not Guilty;"  
 And having witnesses in waiting,  
 They prov'd it was not his hand-writing:  
 When Thalia, bent upon a splore,  
 Just hinted, it might be the *door*,  
 'At least,' quoth she, 'I mean no trick,  
 It's been some boor with skull as thick!'—  
 Conviction flash'd with this suggestion,  
 And having solemn search'd the question,  
 The trembling culprit stood expos'd—  
 The evidence was quickly clos'd;  
 His Lordship summed up the same,  
 Finding the door was most to blame,  
 And having ably charged the jury,  
 They found this verdict in a hurry,  
 A leveling stroke for human reason—  
 Namely, *the door was guilty, treason!*  
 The court gave sentence on the spot:  
 Viz. "The Door was to be shot!"

Thalia, laughing, next prepar'd  
 The limits of her realm to guard,  
 Lest witling wasps, by patching tatters,  
 Should bring a stigma upon letters;  
 And sister Clutha gave instructions  
 To criticise *the door's productions*.

The first, addressed to Crib the plaintiff,  
 Came tripping forward, pert and active,  
 Embolden'd by the kind reception  
 It had from men of each description,  
 And confident its natal spot  
 Had found it fairly *proof o' shot*.  
 But, when the first four lines were heard,  
 Heav'ns! how the sp'ritual junta star'd—  
 The clerk read on—the whole attempt  
 Was mark'd with silent sad contempt;  
 Till Clutha, blushing deep, exclaim'd,  
 “ I vow,” says she, “ I'm quite asham'd  
 That such a puerile, childish matter,  
 In my dominions breeds a clatter,  
 Or such a *bagattile* should be  
 Ought other than *felo-de-se!*”  
 While Thalia swore by a' aboon,  
 'Twas very error in the moon,

Had rais'd applause so out of season;  
 For, faith, 'twas neither rhyme nor reason!

Struck with the fate its friend had shar'd,  
 A dismal elegy appear'd,  
 Purporting to be the lament  
 Crib's father to his son had sent;  
 But so benumb'd about the hams,  
 So shook by feverish fears and qualms,  
 Dismember'd, mutilate, and torn,  
 It rather pity mov'd than scorn.

The next, an answer to the whole,  
 Was drag'd from out the *door's* key-hole,  
 Dress'd up with many a dashing oath,  
 The very scummings of hell-broth;  
 So rough, so aimlessly severe,  
 Ev'n S———n disdain'd ro hear!  
 The wretch was spurn'd with decent pride,  
 And Scotia's Genius of the Clyde,  
 Seeing the audience look amaze,  
 Wav'd graceful silence—rose, and says:

“ Pray, friends, why look you so aghast?  
 Why brood so heavy o'er what's past?

Don't take it ill though sp'ritual notions  
 Run counter to earth-born emotions.  
 All men acknowledge passions sway,  
 And prejudice leads oft astray;  
 'Tis ours to cleanse the muddy pool,  
 And say what *reason* would, when cool.

“ Since first dear Clydesdale own'd my sway,  
 It's been my pleasure, night and day,  
 With genial smiles to cheer the birth,  
 And rear the stems of budding worth;  
 But where dull impudence claims merit  
 'Tis *mercy* to chastise with spirit.

“ For you, on whom this vagrant muse  
 Hath rain'd such torrents of abuse,  
 The safest course that you can steer,  
 Is *never to let on you hear*.  
 And o'er my district wide I'll show it,  
 That better be the theme than poet.”

## A VALENTINE

*For Miss S\*\*\*\* G\*\*\*\*\*, on the eve of her  
Marriage.*

(WROTE FOR A FRIEND.)

~~~~~  
“ The rose is red, the violet’s blue,
The lilly’s sweet, love, so are you—
‘Of such sweet flowers a wreath I’ll twine,
And deck with them my Valentine.”
~~~~~

ON Saint Valentine’s eve, in “ the days of lang-  
syne,”

The lover his mistress a posy did twine;  
His memory flew back to the leaf-lined bow’rs,  
When the green pride of nature did wanton in  
flow’rs,  
There, as *fancy* directed, or *custom* bade pull,  
The sweets of the garden or meadow he’d cull,  
And, in counting their sweets, he was sure to apply  
All was lovely in them to the cause of his sigh.  
He painted his Valentine over with darts,  
Blind Cupids, barb’d arrows, and blood-streaming  
hearts,  
And he hop’d by this tender assemblage to move  
The heart of his fair one to yield him its love!

Tho' the fashion is changed and such scenes fled  
 away,  
 Tho' unheeded now passes Saint Valentine's day;  
 Yet permit me, dear S\*\*\*\*, the friend of your life,  
 To address you as one that will soon be a wife,  
 (For if fame with her hundred tongues loudly don't  
 lie,  
 And report a base falsehood, that event is nigh.)

No doubt you have seen, and, like me, have admir'd,  
 The substantial bless of a couple retir'd  
 From the mad scenes of life, giddy youth doth approve,  
 To feast on the fatness of conjugal love!  
 But beware, while your soul pants for blessings so  
 pure,  
 That you be not misled by a glittering lure;  
 For, in spite of the Sophist, his *ergos*, and arts,  
 True felicity rests but with union of hearts;  
 And whatever the *world* may to riches affix,  
 Yet, believe me, there's grief in a chariot and six.  
 Then let merit alone be your test for a man,  
 With a heart squar'd to yours, in each wish, in  
 each plan,

When the knot once is tied, be it yours to be kind,  
 To his virtues alive—to his failings be blind;  
 And let mutual love spring from mutual trust,  
 Thus, the “hinges of friendship” shall never know  
 rust.

Let economy guide you, and prudence direct—  
 To the friends of your husband show proper respect;  
 Let no action be prompted by caprice or spleen;  
 But, in short, *be a wife what a lass you have been!*

Had the Giver of life, in His goodness divine,  
 Your promising destinies blended in mine,  
 With a bosom like yours, that so finely can feel,  
 I could picture the moments how sweet they would  
 steal;

But, fate hath thought fit to refuse the decree—  
 I will smile on your choice, tho’ more happy than  
 me;

And hope for your friendship, tho’ wed far away,  
 To illumine life’s dark hours with a transient ray.

Farewel, then, my friend, and I hope you’ll ex-  
 cuse

This unpolish’d production of my rural muse;  
 For, (however impertinent like it may seem,)  
 I assure you it’s dictated all by esteem:

And, if graciously pleas'd to accept of my lay,  
Tho' its something like barter, I ever will pray;  
That no cankering care may e'er prey on your mind;  
That the man of your heart may be constant and  
kind,

May prize all your beauties, your merits may know;  
That the gales of prosperity round you may blow;  
And may every new year, some new pleasure display,

To count in the train of Saint Valentine's day!

TO WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

*On reading his Lady of the Lake.*

~~~~~  
What's in a name? That which we call a rose
Would smell as sweet by any other name,
And so would he, though not call'd Romeo.

SHAKESPEARE.

~~~~~  
PERMIT, O SCOTT, a nameless country muse,  
While drinking inspiration from thy page,  
To pay thy name its tributary dues,  
And say how deep' your strains the soul engage!  
Tho' poor to please—tho' harsh her harp's best  
tones,  
And all unfitting for thy polish'd ear;  
Yet ponderous piles oft rise from roughest stones,  
And rock-rais'd flowers are ever held most dear.

Deign then to still my fond parental fears—  
Accept my will, altho' the deed be weak;  
And let the plaudits of my humble peers,  
Stand Buttress to the Lady of the Lake!

Among the inmates of the lowly cot,  
 Where I was rear'd, far from the city's din,  
 No rival critics emulously blot,  
 No poisoning cant calls admiration sin,

But where a poet catches Nature's glow,  
 Or sends his flights, pathetic, to the heart,  
 We wreath our homage round his laurel'd brow,  
 Nor carp, nor care, about the rules of art.

With us, what fancy following "the chase"  
 Around Loch Katrine's wild enchanting maze,  
 That does not pant to see the lovely place,  
 And realize the deeds of other days?

When Ellen's skiff skims o'er the silver tide,  
 Not more unsullied than her maiden fame,  
 And her bright image glitters on its side;  
 Who would not wish to be, a Malcom Graeme?

Or, when contending passions in her eye,  
 Bids Malcom grapple with great Roderick Dhu,  
 Then, nobly brave, that gloomy chief defy;  
 What nymph but sighs, "Were I an Ellen too?"

The Fiery-Cross doth every feeling rouse.  
 When young Armandave mourns his Mary dear,

The soul of love is breathed by the muse,  
Till transport trembles on a grateful tear!

When crazy Blanche wild warbles o'er her woes,  
The strings of pity thrill a deeper note;  
And when the arrow wings her to repose,  
Each heart cries vengeance on the treacherous Scot!

While, tho' our wishes are with brave Fitz-James,  
When Roderick raises hundreds with a call,  
Some generous traits his charactory claims,  
That bids us even respect him in his fall:

And last, when Douglass heaves the earth-bound  
stone,  
And hurls proud victory beyond all fame,  
Altho' the shout should make a Monarch groan,  
Who would not glory in the loud acclaim?

Douglass! The name hath magic in the sound!  
What Scotchman's blood but mantles to his cheek,  
When all the glories of that race renown'd,  
In bright succession, for his country speak?

What mind unmov'd their virtues can review?  
What heart but swells with freedom's ferved rage,

When Douglass lives in thy warm strains anew;  
Or Wallace fights in Porter's gilded page?

Since then, 'tis yours, the latent sparks to raise,  
That burn'd so bright in martial flame of old;

Go on to fan the ready mounting blaze,  
While yet a hero's story can be told—

To raise, and rally round our sea-girt Isle,  
An host of hero's panting to be sung;

Thus freedom's friends shall mock invasion's toil,  
And *Patriot Scott* shall dwell on every tongue!

TO STELLA,

ON LOVE.

~~~~~  
And say, without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears;
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
O what were man? A world without a sun!

CAMPBELL.

~~~~~  
You chid me Stella—chid me sore;  
Deep sunk the reprehension,  
Yet still, tho' trembling, I adore,  
And crave thy kind attention:

While I invoke the Muse's aid,  
If, haply, she might prove  
The humble means of having staid  
Our battles about love;

Nor think that I will stretch her wing  
O'er fictions fairy field;  
If *reason* can't conviction bring,  
I cheerfully will yield.

'Tis granted true, that passion's voice  
Hath often led astray,

And witching beauty's thoughtless choice,  
Like *Job*, hath curs'd its day;

But though some fond deluded pairs  
May spurn the joyless good,  
It only follows, love like their's  
Was of a spurious brood,

For, take it genuine, built on worth,  
And trace it round the world,  
The noblest actions still had birth,  
Where "Venus' car is hurl'd;"

And, if your leisure hours are charm'd  
With time's historic page,  
You'll find that *Rollas* it hath warm'd,  
In almost every age!

When mad-brain'd war, with savage sway,  
Was raging unconfin'd,  
How oft hath love rescu'd its prey,  
And humaniz'd the mind?

I modern times, the mighty nod  
That thousands doom'd to bleed,  
Review'd, for love, his penal code,  
In justice to the dead!

Ambition heaves its hydra head,  
 Earth's passions round it move;  
 But *mercy* bids the motley breed  
 To centre all in love!

“Faith, hope, and love, now dwell on earth,  
 And earth by them is blest;  
 But faith, and hope, must yield to love,  
 Of all the graces best.”

And could you chide me, lovely maid?  
 Could you think me unkind,  
 When love's the noblest passion said,  
 That warms the human mind?

Think, Stella, think upon the bless  
 That mutual love imparts—  
 A bless that time must still encrease  
 With unity of hearts,

For when the angel sinks to wife,  
 And wife puts on the woman,  
 Perhaps opposing modes of life  
 May give no flattering omen,

But soon as custom gains new power,  
 To melt such mantling dross,

Then soul to soul doth every hour  
 Assimilate more close:

New scenes unfold new traits of mind—  
 These traits draw forth new love:  
 Thus down life's tide, with favouring wind,  
 Their little bark doth move;

Or, even misfortune's bitter blast  
 Might pelt them all in vain,  
 Since every struggle locks more fast  
 The hymeneal chain:

No selfish wish, no jarring will  
 The bold intruder finds;  
 But heart meets heart, with answering thrill,  
 Drawn from congenial minds!

Yes! call it friendship—call it love,  
 Or any other name;  
 If inward peace our choice approve,  
 The joys are much the same;

And, let the sensual earthist prate,  
 It surely was designed,  
 In Heaven's unerring rolls of fate,  
 That *mind* should seek to *mind*

'Tis this that matrimony's face  
 Doth brighten with a smile—  
 The fountain this from whence to trace  
 Balm for the lover's toil;

While, should the Giver of all good  
 The nuptial wish fulfil,  
 Their smiling images protrude  
 "A tie more tender still—"

To see the prattling urchins play  
 Around your willing knee,  
 Or hear them, innocently gay,  
 Lisp o'er their complaints to thee;

To watch young reason's early dawn,  
 To point fair virtue's road,  
 And share the soul that's daily drawn,  
 More near to Nature's God!

Say, social commerce, what you feel?  
 Say, is there ties more dear,  
 When down your cheeks in concert steal  
 "The rapture speaking tear?"

'Tis true, that life's a chequer'd scene,  
 And thorns surround the rose;

But who would yield for prickling pain  
The sweetest flower that blows?

Or who, to please youth's giddy range,  
Would let that floweret wither,  
And for't, the pleasing hope exchange-  
Of growing old together?

Of stealing through life's misty clime,  
Unite by kindred cares;  
Unconscious that the hand of time  
Had silver'd o'er their hairs,

Till, hand in hand, both weary grown,  
And both by age oppress'd,  
With lively hope they lay them down,  
Then spring to endless rest!

## PETITION

*To the Honourable the Board of Excise, 1812*

~~~~~  
Petition me no petitions to-day!
I will hear none of them. Smile Dolalola!
'The man who frowns shall have his head chop'd off,
That he may have no face to frown withall.

KING ARTHUR.

~~~~~

PERMIT me, most honour'd, the Board of Excise;  
Not a fulsome address praising you to the skies,  
But a statement unvarnish'd, a plain tale of woe,  
As your servant's most humble petition will show.

Be it known to your Board, then, I humbly insist,  
That I've long been ambitious of entering the list,  
Who are fed by your bounty, your voice who obey,  
And are ready your servants by night and by day.  
For this purpose I oft applications have made  
Unto men who keep more of expectants than trade,  
All pretended particular friends of your Graces,  
Tho', perhaps, not a one of them e'er saw your faces!  
But, as all had the knack to send me home well  
pleas'd—

Sure never poor devil was so tantaliz'd!

For one day my fond hopes rode on prospects most  
bright,

And the next they were wrap'd in oblivion's night;  
Till, at last, full convinced, that I never could swim  
On the weak shallow wave of a ramified stream,  
I fairly resolved—and God grant it may speed!  
To mount on Pegassus, my dear, only steed,  
And to knock for admission at the fountain head  
O be graciously pleas'd then, I humbly entreat,  
To consider my case when in council you meet,  
And, if not inconsistent with right in your eyes,  
To appoint me a place in our Sovereign's excise!

You may think it presumptive—I scarce think it  
less,

That I dare to present you with such an address,  
All unknown, all unback'd; but, permit me to say,  
To offend is not meant, and believe me you may;  
I'll be equally useful, if granted a place,  
As put forward by fifty Lord Dukes in a brace;  
And be ready wherever you please me to send,  
From our ain Johnie Groats, to the very Land's end.

The accustom'd references all will be nam'd,  
Should it e'er be your pleasure's to cause them be  
claim'd.

And although to your honours, acknowledge I must,  
 That particular professions I've learn'd to distrust,  
 You will surely allow me to say, I'll in whole,  
 Poke my nose into every exciseable hole,  
 And by checking of fraud, in as far as I can,  
 Be the revenue's friend and fair trader's in one.

Do but grant my request, and from that happy  
 day,  
 Your grateful petitioner ever will pray,  
 That of heaven's warmest blessings a competent  
 share  
 May rest upon every Commissioner's chair,  
 Until honour'd and late, when at last you resign;  
 It may be but above the more brightly to shine!\*

\* The only answer ever received to the above, was a notification through the Supervisor of the District, that the Board never appointed any person on their own recommendation.

*On reading in the Newspapers that a Sow  
had pulled a man's Watch from his pocket,  
and so grushed it with its mouth, as to  
spoil the work entirely before it could be  
recovered.*

~~~~~  
I'll make thee to eat iron like the Ostrich, and swallow my sword
like a great pin, ere thou and I part. SHAKESPEARE.
~~~~~

Tho' with patient perusal I've crept me along  
Thro' the page of Linnaeus, and eke of Buffon,  
Either memory fails, or I ne'er read till now,  
That *silver* was reckon'd a *so*ss for a *so*w!  
Had the fact been disclos'd, when these gentlemen  
wrote,  
It had puzzl'd them sore, I could wager a groat,  
In the language of science, correctly to say,  
Whether silver was food or the freak of a day.  
If the former be found, it accounts in a trice  
For the scarceness of bullion, the rise in its price;  
And, allowing the system of silver fed swine  
To continue, the quantum must farther decline.  
Bank Directors will then be the props of our nation;  
Stockholders will fear then no depreciation;

The sun of our paper unclouded will shine,  
 And Horner\* give up his preposterous design;  
 For how could he hope such a plan would succeed,  
 Had he fairly consider'd how swine were to feed?  
 And though Timothy Tinker,† that eminent brazier,  
 Be dealing with metals infinitely baser,  
 Yet still, as their palate's not deem'd over nice,  
 Could the man be dispos'd to take friendly advice,  
 His kettles and pans he would quickly throw bye,  
 Or the whole will be toss'd in a dirty pig's sty.

Whether Davy, or Ure, men of chemical fame,  
 Are prepared to give this new process a name?  
 Or whether, like jugglers, swine have their tricks?  
 Are all queries to which I no answer affix.  
 Only this, should the nutritive process agree,  
 They are better, by far, at digesting than me,  
 And if only a juggle, the wonderful trick  
 Most undoubtedly proves them *owre sib wi' auld*  
*Nick.*

\* The late Francis Horner, Esq. who took an active part in the Bullion question of 1811; urging the necessity of the Bank resuming cash payments.

† The signature of a humorous letter, published in the Newspapers at that time, recommending to call in all the brass pans and copper kettles in the country, and convert them into money.

'The conclusion is this, that each sapient Divine,  
 When commenting on "Cast not your pearls before  
 swine,"

Will be able, henceforward, with arguments new,  
 To prove their destruction one way of the two:  
 For, tho' Henry near dream'd of their grinders in  
 play,

Yet the world it grows wise and more wise every  
 day;

And when fresh commentators this text shall review,  
 It is hoped they'll remember the *Thankerton Sow!*

*An Essay on Old Maids.*

~~~~~  
What a terrible fate an old maid.—*Love in a Village.*
~~~~~

Lend me your smile, old maid—  
Ha! ne'er a smile hast thou;  
Well, well! nought can be said;  
What is not, won't bestow.  
Young sister give me yours,  
You're verging fast to age,  
I'll strew the way with flow'rs,  
If you your smiles engage.  
Aye thou art something good,  
Thy brow's not yet beclouded,  
Nor, vinegar bedew'd,  
Thy face with frowns enshrouded;  
But no, you need not tell  
That marriage you don't want,  
I know—you know yoursel',  
That this were only cant:  
Better, almost, to lie  
Good-humour'dly, and tell,  
You ne'er did man deny,  
Than let spite and venom swell.

But "spite and venom," that's a heavy charge,  
And doubtless calls for a more serious verse;

Come, come, discuss; prepound to me at large—  
None of your shifts and snappish retorts terse.

*Quest.* How comes it then, that half the world  
agree  
'To brand the name with such unceasing chime?

*Ans.* Because that half hath not yet learn'd to see  
The difference 'twixt misfortune and 'twixt crime.

*Q.* You then admit, say for the sake of jingle,  
It is misfortune that still keeps you single?

*A.* Yes surely. Set down this a part of my creed,  
"Two's better than one, *when the two are agreed.*"

*Q.* Am I then to assume, that the sisterhood's  
ranks,  
Are almost exclusively filled with blanks,  
Who, in stretching their throats wedded peace to  
destroy,  
Are but railing at what they could never enjoy?

*A.* Such an inference were not fair—  
Mayhap some few ne'er spurn'd an offer,

But most of us are grey old maids  
 From having duely weighed the proffer:  
 Our strength, our wisdom a' lies there,  
 Let giddy fools go grasp a coffer,  
 I fifty times would rather share  
 A garret and a single chair,  
 With my auld cat to sing grey thrums,  
 Then wed, without esteem or love,  
 The first fond fool that comes!

Q. Why then doth envy such aspersions throw  
 Around a sister marching to the church?

Were she as cold, pure, chaste, as unsun'd snow,  
 Meek, harmless, gentle, as the turtle dove,  
 A bawd, a punk, a perfect verigo,  
 Your tongues would bid her to the altar move!  
 Is this to do as you would be done by?  
 Is this the proof that in your bosoms lie,  
 That sweet content, that placid waveless joy,  
 That bids your hearts ascend, and heav'n  
 Your every thought employ?

A. Some speckl'd bird haunts every flock,  
 Whose tongue may run at random waste,  
 But you, from thence, can't judge the stock  
 Who such a morsel seldom taste:

Besides, before our backs you baste,  
 Consider well our provocation;  
 The taunts, the jeers before us plac'd,  
 Our lone, our helpless situation,  
 That oft will force us, spite of better sense,  
 To tear a character in just defence.

Q. But does not all the Hornet-bearding bike,  
 Set up their lungs in concert and full cry,  
 Whenever beauteous frailty makes a slip,  
 Or virtue heaves an unforbidding sigh?

There you are speckl'd—speckl'd all alike;  
 And does not this bespeak an evil eye?

That scornful smile, that blue-bit, pride-screw'd lip,  
 Withers the green leaves of repentance—fie!

A. From this God save us! nor severe, nor proud,  
 To crush repentance were a deadly sin,

But if to vaunt we were at all allow'd,  
 'Tis here our pride, our vaunting would begin!

Think you the blood that flows our veins within,  
 With gentler current urged our green age,

Or that temptation wore a rougher skin,  
 Less skill'd to gloss the soul-seducing page,  
 When we our virgin vows did all inviolate engage?

Q. O mighty good! O enviable state!  
 Each chasten'd drop of blood that leaves your heart,  
 Speeds back, with tidings, to its Lord again,  
 That thus, and thus, you ever will remain!

But, since eternal sunshine sheds  
 Its mellow beams around your heads,  
 What means that crabbed vinegar face,  
 That peevish spiteful frining:  
 Those uncheck'd sallies might well disgrace,  
 The ranks of a deeper afflicted race,  
 Through a denser medium shining?

A. There too doth fame outrun desert;  
 For time eats best of tempers rusty—  
 Unshelter'd from a single airt,  
 No wonder ours show something musty.  
 But were the bickerings and strife,  
 That keeps *alive* domestic life,  
 As wide, as pompously display'd,  
 As each tert slip of an old maid,  
 Wedlock would bathe in a drumlier stream,  
 And the maiden bucket would kick the beam.

Q. And how will you gloze the censorious peal,  
 That your *cotarie's* constantly ringing,

Round every innocent dress, dance, or tale,  
From fashion or gaiety springing?

This dwells forever on your tongue—

Such things were not when we were young!

A. As sunshine is pictur'd the better for shade,  
So a foible may help to set off an old maid;  
I admit it as such—but, at same time, profess  
We have guiltless antipathies often at dress.  
Tho' aware that the *world* much the same will be  
found,

When fashions and follies are shifting their ground;  
As the foible or fashion one virtue may smother,  
Will only make room for the growth of another;  
Yet still, *Dame Propriety* hints, that her shapes,  
Harmless droll! by-and-bye, will clap tales to the apes.  
How disgusting to sec some our covey might grace,  
Adding curls to the wrinkles that furrow their face,  
And parading the playhouse, the park, or the green,  
Tricked out in the kickshaws and flirts of fifteen!

Q. And is not it equal disgusting to hear,  
A bedlam denuded of mould, mind, and grace,  
Loud vaunting the offers she spurn'd with a jeer,  
And recounting the triumphs atchiev'd by her face?

*A.* Never shall I the advocate appear  
 Of faults, unwash'd by deep contrition's tear,  
 The cause I plead, will better speed  
 A candid face to wear;  
 Yet this you may, permit to say,  
 I say it without fear,  
 A maid of sense, on no pretence,  
 This blot will ever bear.

She knows, when time's insidious tooth  
 Has moatled all her hairs,  
 That the gilded charm of her happy youth,  
 Is fled on the winds of care forsooth,  
 Like passing midnight airs;  
 And the casual eye can hardly trace,  
 In the wrecks of her time-worn, toothless face,  
 Such a charm was ever there!  
 This seals her lips, for she knows full well  
 The assertion were more than vain—  
 That laugh'd at, misdoubted, and laugh'd at again,  
 A barb for ridicule, a butt for disdain,  
 She ever thereafter might dwell.

*Q.* According to you, then, a wrinkl'd old maid,  
 Is not quite such a monster as oft hath been said.

*A.* I trust you have seen, that respectable life  
 Demands approbation, maid, widow, or wife.

*A Consultation, 1810.*

~~~~~  
Ye have riven the thack aff seven cotter houses—see if your ain
roof-tree stand the faster. Ye may stable your stirks in the Shealings
at Drangleugh—see that the hare does not couch on the hearthstane at
Ellangowan.

MEG MIRRIE LIES.

~~~~~  
THE sun had warsal'd wast the lift,  
And sunk in the Atlantic;  
At least, 'twas shaded frae our sight  
By muckle hill o' Tuntack;  
The paitricks sraight about the dykes,  
The bairns were busy slidin',  
And loudly yeaumph'd the hale town tykes,  
As curlers hame were glidin'  
Frae th' ice that night.

Their besoms trail'd far 'hint their a—e,  
A sad portentous omen,  
That on the loch their luck was scarce—  
Indeed 'twas nought uncommon.  
The wind blew bleak frae Quothquanlaw,  
The drift began a steering,  
And wives their wisps began to draw  
Round ilk door bottom, fearin'  
The storm that night.

The tempest roar'd, and louder roar'd—

It beat wi' boundless fury:

A witch, aboon the breathin' scor'd,

Ne'er waken'd sic a hurry!

The villagers began to prate,

And round the scandal bother;

Auld Hornie's Council never sat

In better plotting weather,

Than was that night.

Such was the scene, when Fairy Bob,

One of the Elfin nation;

O'erheard a farmer and his rib,

In close confabulation.

The lan' was portion'd out in sma's

Around their little dwallin',

Which tradesmen's bairns had busk'd wi' bras,

Wha gloried in their mailin,

For mony a day.

But now their tacks were wearin' out,

This pair them e'ed aslant,

And wheel'd their noddles round about,

To calculate rack-rent.

Quoth Tam, " My dear, mark weel the times,

And now let's cut a figure,

Nor toil like slaves in parched climes  
Of Joliba or Niger,

Our luckless life:

“ I’ve ever thought folks nobly born,  
Might haud their heads aboon;  
Then, Tibby, let’s exalt our horn,  
And sing exclusion’s tune;  
Ilk *man o’ taste* wad join the band  
Wi’ marrow-bones and cleavers,  
Could we extirpate frae the land  
These *mushroom up-start weavers*  
Some happy day!”

‘ Indeed,’ gouth Tib, ‘ I’ve often spited  
To see you no head’s-man,  
When ought was doon, or held as doited  
By chanler-chafed tradesmen.  
I ken they’ll raise some unco routes,  
And ca’ us bonny names—”  
“ Ne’er mind,” says Tam, “ We’ll see their cowts  
Wi’ fewer buckling kames,  
Some ither day.

“ An’ had we but the pick and wale,  
I fain wad try my fortune;

If graith be gude, an' branks bide hale,  
 We'll soon get walth o' courtin'!  
 There's Chickwort Craft and Mugwort Mains,  
 Lies unco pack thegither,  
 Wi' little either broom or whins,  
 But fertile ony weather,  
 Gude fifty acre.

“ What think ye, Tib? Might I gae bid  
 A hunder an a half?  
 We'll surely pay't in some gude tid,  
 Wi' either corn or caff.  
 Your tocher fairly doubles that,  
 The ither haf's for stockin';  
 Were that a' free, we might grow fat,  
 And mind nae man a dockin'  
 On ony day.”

‘ I kenna, ‘Tammy,’ Tib replies,  
 ‘ Wad things bide as they are,  
 Perhaps it might turn out a prize,  
*Wi' blessin' o' the war!*  
 But, should the king clap up a peace  
 Wi' ony foreign nation,  
 Our troubles then might fast increase,  
 And muckle black vexation  
 Attend that day—’

“ Toot, quash sic fears,” cries Tammy, “ Doo ,  
For them there’s nae occasion—

Gude faith! a peace wi’ France the nu’  
Wad ruin half the nation!

There’s sic a sight o’ corky-headed,  
Second-handed gentry,

That warn a junior Ensigns needed,  
Wae be to the country

That luckless day!\*

“ Now I can calculate mysel’,

The weight o’ hairst and hay-times—  
Let’s hear how eggs an’ cheese maun sell,  
And a’ the little items?

First whey and milk, five fardins gude—

Ne’er mind the country clatter,  
We’ll grind them till they chew their cud  
On gruel made o’ water,

Fu’ thin ilk day!

“ Neist caff, for either bed or cow,  
To every sack three shillin’;

\* Should Tammy and Tibby be alive at this day, they will find in the present times that their fears were by no means unfounded; and, it is not improbable, that Tib may be reading a course of loving lectures to her husband, on his too easy belief, and self-willed calculation on the continuance of war.

An' five—ye ken I pay'd it Doo!

When Crummie was a billin';

Three dizen chickens, every year,

Will bring us something ben,

Forbye what ye may get, my dear,

By 'selling their *hen-pen*

On washin' days!"

Tib heard him out, and smil'd assent,

Syne, braggin' o' her butter,

Declar'd, 'twas weel worth a' the rent,

And aiblins something better.'

Sae Tammy hied him to the laird,

And made his dernier offer;

The laird replies, " Giff I be spar'd,

I'll haud ye by the proffer—

Gude luck t'ye Tammy."

## *The Haystack.*

~~~~~  
The rural talk,

'The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
Fly harmless. to deceive the tedious time,
Aud steal, unfelt, the sultry hours away.

THOMSON.

~~~~~

AMONG the inmates of our farm-town cots,  
The Haystack-day peculiarly is mark'd.  
It is a little festival, to which  
Their youthful neighbours mostly are invite,  
And oft concludes in animating dance,  
Or other gambols, big with festive joy.  
Hence, on this happy day, the rural nymphs  
All in their brightest bed-gowns are array'd,  
And sweetly deck'd with artless beauty's charm,  
Beyond the reach of changeful fashion's shapes:  
The glow of health suffuses every cheek,  
Now crimson'd deeper with exertion's dye:  
The catching smile of pleasure beaming love,  
The ready burst of undisguised mirth  
That follows every rude essay of wit,  
With that enlivening rusticated air,  
That reigns o'er all the cheerful looking band,

Presents, in whole, as sweet a sylvan scene  
As ever Pan peep'd at in days of yore!

Along the field, with conic buildings crown'd,  
Their various offices are portion'd out;  
Some heave a coil, at every sturdy lift,  
Up to the top of yonder touring cart,  
Some build the draughts, while others spread around,  
And with their rakes collect wind-scatter'd spoils.  
At intervals of toil, when carts are full,  
They club together, and full oft discuss  
Some knotty point in village Gazette given;  
Until a girl, more waggish than the rest,  
And who hath drunk assurance from the eye  
Of him her heart elected for its love,  
Breaks the debate, by placing on his neck  
Some little creeping tenant of the earth:  
Half stifled laughter, and important winks  
From every eye, points out the impious deed—  
The trembling culprit flies across the plain;  
But ah, ill-fated maid! a monstrous coil  
Impedes her winding flight, and down she falls,  
Prostrate and faint, upon the farther side,  
Her panting lover, stretch'd and breathless by her!  
With eager haste he strains her to his heart,  
Imprints a kiss upon her burning lips,

Then joins the laugh that had been rais'd against him.

The barn-yard teems with equal busy tribes:  
 Two veterans, grey in hay-day service grown,  
 Are set apart to guide the rising stack,  
 To square its sides with mathematic skill,  
 To point its angles, and with gentle swell,  
 To raise a belly to the taper head.  
 Three youthful rustics, warm, in beauty's prime,  
 With agile swing in reg'lar dasses spread  
 Their scented armfuls, now assuming form:  
 But bent on merriment in life's gay morn,  
 Happy to-day, and careless of to-morrow,  
 They yield their hearts to every new impulse  
 That steals across their easy tickled minds;  
 And frequent vent their playful wit and mirth,  
 In pointed sarcasm, that oft provokes  
 The patient forker to forego his task,  
 And spread them squalling on the bounding stack,  
 Perhaps all torn and sweating with the fight!  
 Thus fly the hours, by mirth jocosely wing'd,  
 That else had dragg'd a leaden load along,  
 And rendered unsupportable their toil.

Meantime, the careful housewife labours hard  
 To see her dinner ordered aright,

And other, minor-thought, arrangements made  
 To meet the wants of all her rustic guests—  
 The wit-inspiring bottle is brought forth,  
 And curds and cream, in plenty crown the board,  
 The sure rewards of that days willing toil.

How noble are thy works, great Nature's God!  
 How rich thy goodness to industrious man!  
 How many blessings flow from social life!  
 And how much debted are the brutal tribes  
 To man's exalted prescience of events?  
 For, had the vast gregarious tribes of earth  
 Been suffer'd to run loose, and range at large  
 O'er every fertile corner of the globe;  
 Perhaps, in luxury of summer's pride,  
 They might have spurn'd more wantonly the rein,  
 Or prouder paw'd the flow'ry spangled vale,  
 If left uncrib'd to riot on its sweets;  
 But, when the winter came with all its storms,  
 When chilling frost had nip'd each vital blade,  
 And driving snows obscur'd the face of day,  
 Where, then, ye shiv'ring, homeless wanderers,  
 Would you find shelter from the beating storm,  
 Or wherewithal to still the clamorous voice  
 Of craving appetite, when all your hopes,  
 Were buried, deep, in winter's crusted coat,

Without the aid of storm-subduing man?  
 'Tis then he ope's his hospitable door,  
 And bids his hay-stack bend to all your wants;  
 Thus chasing frigid winter's ghastly gloom  
 With borrowed comforts from a milder sky.  
 Sure then, 'tis justice, that in summer months  
 You give your willing shoulders to the yoke,  
 Or yield your service, in what other way  
 Your native qualities may best befit,  
 As part of payment, for the fostering care,  
 And kind protection lent in harder times.\*

\* The foregoing is an extract from a Poem entitled *A SUMMER DAY*, being the Author's first, and indeed almost his only attempt at Blank Verse. It notices the most prominent appearances of the fields and labour about a Country Farm Village, in the beginning of August; carries a party to the top of Tinto, and traces the Clyde as far as it can be done from thence, remarking on the general prospect, and interspersed with reflections naturally arising out of the subject. *A WINTER DAY* was begun on the same plan, though never finished; but, should the above meet with any attention from the public, probably they may both be published some after period.

## Epistles.

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TO MR. JOHN BELL,

*Author of Cartlane Craigs, a Poem.*

QUITE tir'd with marching and with wheeling,  
Inspecting officers, and drilling,  
To write to you, an hour I'm stealing  
From worldly cares;  
Its ranting, rumbling, roaring, reeling,  
I count as tares.

Shrunk in itself, active employ'd,  
The mists of ignorance destroy'd,  
The mind, by vapid pleasures cloy'd,  
Directs its course  
To friendship, pure and unalloy'd,  
With tenfold force:

Friendship at once expands the heart,  
Distends and warms each vital part,  
New soul and vigour doth impart  
To all our joys;  
It soothes affliction's poignant dart,  
Its force destroys!

Oft I retrace youth's dulcet scene,  
 With heart-enliv'ning joy, serene;  
 With glowing ardour all was seen—

All, all, was joy,  
 When sporting on the flow'ry green,  
 Nought to annoy.

Oft have we spent the live long day,  
 In bigging bow'racks on the brae;  
 Or in some cozie nook we lay,  
 And read a story—  
 How did our buoyant spirits play,  
 And pant for glory!

When youthful pleasures fed our dream,  
 Life seem'd a pure unruff'd stream!  
 When basking in each sunny gleam  
 Joyous, unthinking,  
 It ne'er occur'd it was life's cream,  
 That we were drinking.

Stay, fleeting moments! wont you stay  
 And cheer us with thy vivid ray;  
 Ah! why so quickly wing your way?  
 Why fly so fast?  
 Ere we appreciate youth's bright day,  
 'Tis gone, 'tis past!

We first in concert strung the lyre,  
And warmed with poetic fire,  
Did vent our boyish rage and ire  
On Jenny Gunn,  
And why should partnership expire,  
So young begun?

Now that your Muse hath gather'd heels,  
To wander a' them critic chieils,  
That rage about, like roaring deils,  
Gaping for prey;  
Let's try wha best Parnassus speils,  
Wha wears the bay:

While emulation gies the spur,  
We'll skelp a' them that virtue blurr;  
We'll yoke our pleugh, and deeply fur  
Corruption's heart;  
Her spretty knowes, an' ketty turr,  
We'll tear apart.

I ken my muse hath a tea-face,  
And sluggish ease her nerves unbrace:  
But, while you dare the onmost chace  
                    Converting fools,  
To use a youngster's shinty phrase,  
                    I'll "Kep him-dools."

Let's have from you a skelpin letter,  
 For to arrange this business better,  
 Wave a' restraint but friendship's fetter:

In serious mood,

I'd thank you much, be much your debtor,  
 But to conclude:

May HE, who makes mankind his care,  
 Dispense thee a peculiar share  
 Of stingless comforts, sweet and rare,  
 Guard thee from vice!  
 Shall ever be the fervent prayer,  
 Of, yours, Fordyce.

TO THE SAME,

*On the Publication of his Cartlane Craigs.*

HAIL to the muse of Clyde!

Hail Bell her favour'd son!

Long may her hand thee guide

Thy race of fame to run!

Long may that stream roll to the main,

And Cartlane Craigs rebound again,

The mellow lays,

The well earn'd praise,

Thy first essay hath won!

Yes! Clydesdale, which long Bardless sat,

Now hails the happy hour,

Thy fancy hit on Maggy's Cat,

Or sketch'd the Elfin Bower:

Tho' hard her bed, which gave thee birth,

She sees, she owns thy native worth,

Thy self-selected lore;

And, justly warm'd with scenic pride,

Swears that her sons shall take no guide

From foreign minstrels more:

Nor idolize dull classic sots,

When on her breezes swell,

The bold, the wild, th' untutor'd notes,  
Of Burns, of Hogg, of Bell!!!

When, in our thoughtless boyish days,  
We trip'd o'er Tinto's heather braes,  
Warm fancy ting'd our morning rays,  
And young delight,  
Bedizzen'd manhood's untry'd ways  
With visions bright.

When our rude hands first struck the lyre,  
We deem'd the list'ning world on fire;  
We knew no claim,  
That rank or name,  
Could urge exclusively on fame.

But ah! let age wind up his tale—  
If thrown like us on humble life,  
He'll paint lank-sided hope grown pale,  
And sick'ning sunk 'midst fortune's strife!

Such is our envy, prejudice, or pride,  
(Sad, sad reflection! take it which you will,)  
That few, indeed, dare on Pegassus ride,  
Unless a *title* give, or praise their skill!

If then, 'tis yours, to burst the wizzard spell,  
 And cause rude crowds in boisterous plaudits join,  
 Friendship might sigh, "all surely is not well,"  
 And justly too, were I refusing mine:

But should "the million's" thoughtless sneer be  
 thine,  
 And vulgar malice grudge to deck thy tale;  
 Should palid envy dare refuse to twine,  
 Thy chaplets due, in Cartlane's blooming vale;  
 Still think, that here, are hearts which will not  
 fail,  
 To pay thy worth its tribute duly won—  
 Some "noble spirits," that will join to hail,  
 While circling seasons in their orbit run,  
 The russet muse of Clyde, and Bell her favour'd  
 son.

TO MR. J\*\*\* C\*\*\*\*\*, LANARK.

As dosing last night in my great elbow-chair,  
Sleeping sick of the promise I made at the fair;  
It came plump in my head, tho' not caring a sneeshin',  
That I'd to the hussy prefer a petition,  
Whose smile inspiration had warmed at times,  
When a tagging together of doggerel rhymes.  
As good luck would have had it, she just hove in  
view;

So, my best leg drawn foremost, I made her a bow,  
Strok'd my beard, blew my nose, gave a hem, and  
began:

“ Lady Muse! would you deign my poetics to fan,  
And a moment or two o'er my pen to preside,  
Giving freely and smoothly my numbers to glide,  
I would fain, on the birth of his daughter, address  
A young friend, who has prais'd you sometimes o'er  
a glass;

And on whom, as I think him good hearted, d'ye  
see,

I have promis'd to spend your next favour to me.”

Had you seen how the jade toss'd her snout in the  
air,

And with what a disdainful indifferent stare

She turn'd round on her heel—by great Orpheus  
lyre!

If there's gall in your breast, Sir, the train had  
caught fire;

While, with simpler constrain'd, her transgression to  
plaister,

She began to dispute with her lord and her master:

‘Pray, good Sir!’ and the slut ambl'd smoothly for't  
a,

‘Are you really, at last, your cogg-bottom to claw?

Have you never a theme more befitting my trade,

Than the musherom sprout of a poor wabster's bed?

Must I hail procreation 'mong soen and thrumbs?

Must I praise, must I please, ilka flatt'rer that  
comes?

Nay, my Liege! in this case you'll excuse me, I pray,

For indeed, and most truely, I've nothing to say.

It's a twelvemonth and more since I coupled a line;

Thro' the rust of disuse, I can ne'er hope to shine,

And to scour up my pipe at so humble a birth,

Costs more trouble and time than the creature is  
worth.'

If the blood in your face do not mount forehead  
high,

And the flash of resentment burst bright from your  
eye,

When you read this inflated, disdain-breathing  
speech,  
In the four winds of heaven, Sir, your carcase should  
bleach!

As for me, boiling hot, I began—"Worthless Elf!  
Are you ought but the brat of a wabster yourself?  
Is the tear of affection less warm on the cheek  
Of a weaver, than one who counts hundreds a-week?  
Can the feelings of nature be bought or be sold?  
Can affection or friendship be bartered for gold?  
Will the friend you address be less proud of his  
child,

Than the Nabob, on whom rich Golconda hath  
smil'd?

No, thou fool! for the fashion whirl'd master or miss  
Have no time to attend unto domestic bless!

Be thy pray'r, then, for them, whose ilk hour, I  
hope knows it—

Be it done in good style, or, 'by Jove! I will prose  
it,' "

Conscience struck, the red tide o'er her bosom  
roll'd high,

She disdain'd to concede, but her *tunic* thrown bye,  
She began, peevish jade! such a disonant strain,  
That I trust you will ne'er wish to hear her again.

Little floweret of love, little stranger to life!  
 Sweetest pledge of affection 'twixt husband and wife!  
 May'st thou love and be lov'd, be thou blessed and  
 blessing,

Till time, and time's things, shall declare thee amiss-  
 ing—

Till honour'd and late, full of virtue and years,  
 Hope immortal may swallow mortality's fears!  
 May thy parents, when striving to form thy young  
 mind,

And imbue it with knowledge, have pleasure to find,  
 That their lessons of love are not lost on a heart,  
 Which, I trust, will partake more of nature than art—

Though tutor'd intelligence claims our respect,  
 Yet for this, ah! for this do not nature neglect!  
 She can spread a warm charm over acts scarce worth  
 notice,

And blight by her absence where no other spot is.

May beauty be thine, in a moderate share:  
 In this case I would warmly commend Agur's pray'r;  
 For when beauty impell'd by young vanity's gale,  
 Bids passion unpractic'd unfurl fashion's sail,  
 It's an hundred to one, same unprincip'l'd spark—  
 Some privileg'd pirate runs foul of the bark:  
 Think, and shuddering think upon poor Mrs. Clarke!

Yes, my friend! In the cap of a woman's fair fame,  
 Virgin modesty blazes the first gem you'll name,  
 And it is not enough that her person be pure—  
 She must move in a sphere beyond suspicion's pow'r.  
 Be thy eager endeavours, then, early and late,  
 Nicest notions of honour to fix in her pate;  
 And, as powerful auxiliaries, place by her side  
 The essence of knowledge and tincture of pride:  
 One will sound the alarm should vice steal on her  
     back,  
 And the other assist to repel the attack;  
 While, as "Like draws to like," it's the way to the  
     hearts,  
 Of all men who possess information and parts.

But, as doubtless you're tir'd of this bulky ha-  
     rangué,  
 I shall here drop the poet, and wind up my sang  
 With a wish, that thro' life, life's good things you  
     may share,  
 That the blast of misfortune your dwelling may  
     spare;  
 That your consort, your cradle, your goods, and  
     your gear,  
 May be blessed and happy! Amen—grant God hear!

TO MRS! R\*\*\*,

*On her Wedding Night.*

Do not start, lovely friend, nor look glumishly  
cross,  
Tho' address'd, for the first time, by name, Mrs R\*\*\*;  
Nor yet deem it impertinent, trivial, or vain,  
That I make the attempt in poetical strain;  
For tho' slightly acquainted with you and your ways,  
Tho' the torch of experience lend not its blaze,  
Yet the friend of *your* husband, the friend of *his*  
wife,  
Would deduce you from *reason* some rules for your  
life.

You are both in that age when love's pulse beats  
the highest,  
You have both pictur'd scenes, that to rapture comes  
nighest,  
And the feverish thrill of loves hope-giving toys  
Is now fairly exchange'd for possession's fond joys:  
But beware, O beware! that the spring of your bliss,  
Do not poison the streams should your comforts en-  
crease,

For if fancy be suffer'd to ride without reins,  
 And to whip and to spur as her noddle inclines,  
 She will form such a mass of improbable joy—  
 Such an ideal paradise, nought to annoy,  
 That the sober reversions of hymen's bequest  
 Will be reckon'd unworthy a place in your breast,  
 When thus try'd by the touch of a fanciful test.  
 It is then of importance, that young married pairs,  
 Be convinced, their *wheat* must be gather'd 'mong  
*tares*—

That they sometimes their fancied Elysium dispel,  
 And revert to the world, as it is, where we dwell.  
 They must lay their account to meet losses and  
 crosses,

Dished upon a thousand, fair, fraudulent glosses,  
 And temper'd alike, e'en, as near as can be,  
 Yet the kindest of friends will sometimes disagree.

To the first of these evils apply resignation,  
 Contentment will give you the wealth of a nation;  
 And Oh! let the other be tenderly treated,  
 For delicate feelings are easiest fretted!  
 If wishing life's stream you may smoothly glide down,  
 Let not either promulgate a will of their own,  
 But while each with the ardour of passion doth burn,  
 Let each mount the throne of dominion in turn,

And let mutual comfort be mutual law—  
 The man is the head, but the woman should draw  
 By the chords of affection—this fretful colision,  
 In time, will wear off by the force of attrition.

Do not think that the lover gives place to the wife;  
 The happiest of pairs are but lovers through life,  
 For they mingle with distant and delicate love,  
 The little attentions, that gratefully prove  
 Them alike from indifference, and fondness exempt;  
 “Too much famil’arity breedeth contempt!”

Yet, tho’ I would deprecate love *en beau monde*!\*  
 And would shudder to see you look “foolishly fond,”  
 Do not think that I wish you, my friends, to pre-  
 serve

A dull, formal, mysterious, wrapt up reserve:  
 No, it’s confidence given, and confidence lent,  
 That forms social love’s most enduring cement;  
 And how pleasing to share, with your bosom’s de-  
 light,

The comforts of day, in the converse of night!

Let your love for each other extend to your friends,  
 And be social with all whom respect recommends;

\* The French scholar must here strain the pronunciation, as the phrase contains more of the author’s meaning, than he could, readily, find expressed in English.

But be sure that your friendships are cherish'd  
 same—

Partic'lar attentions fan jealousy's flame,  
 And if once that foul fiend find a place in your  
 breast,

Farewel, ah wo's me! to all comfort and rest.  
 I need hardly remind you to study frugality,  
 Your station points this as an obvious quality,  
 And its better when one has a penny to lend  
 Than a penny to borrow, tho' ev'n from a friend.

To wind up my harangue, (and it's time you'll  
 confess,)

Let me urge you, by virtue and prudence to press  
 On that *acme* in life, which, when age shall retrace,  
 With a conscious smile will illumine your face—  
 Will give pride to your spouse in his prudent elec-  
 tion,

And yield you the pleasures of grateful reflection;  
 Thus virtue's reward will be found in your train,  
 Amen! Ev'n so be it—Amen, and amen!

TO MR. GEORGE FORDYCE,

*Leadhills.*

DEAR UNCLE,

And my worthy auntie,  
This hopes to find you hale and canty;  
And will inform you, that a jauntie  
We mean to hae,  
An' haud wi' you a wee bit rantie  
On Newyear's day.

Gif a' be right as we wad hae't,  
And weather, nae uncommon spait,  
My billie Davy tak's the gait  
Wi' me on Sunday;  
An' tho' its rather after date,  
We'll rant on Monday.

Ye ken, 'mong us whose purses's wee,  
Can scarcely keep aboon the bree,  
The only holiday we see,  
Worth while to sing,  
Is that which marks how time doth flee,  
On rapid wing,

Economy must be our guide,  
 As down the stream of time we glide,  
 Or else grim want, with giant stride,  
                                 Will soon o’ertake us—  
 Yet yearly feasts by friendship’s side,  
                                 Won’t, surely, break us:

And who that joins the jovial noise,  
 Of friendship’s roratory boys,  
 But what will own his social joys  
                                 By much augmented;  
 And every band that love employs,  
                                 More firm cemented.

We therefore hope, you’ll auntie tell  
 To have her aumrie stored well  
 Wi’ fish, wi’ flesh, or kebbuck fell,  
                                 It matters little,  
 Provided we get Burton ale  
                                 To lowse our spittle;

Or, if a haggis you can spare,  
 That’s aye been counted Newyear’s fare,  
 Since ever I the feast to share  
                                 Was judged able;  
 And, trowth, I deem it wale o’ ware  
                                 At ony table.

O Scotia's hope in famine's hold!  
Had Epicurus known of old,  
The treasure's that thy tripes unfold,  
His hare-soup luggies,  
Had a', poor price! been fairly sold  
For Scottish haggis!

Well then, suppose we've din'd galore,  
Be landlord Saddler's to the fore,  
Or Otto keep an open door,  
We's hae a chappin;  
An' aiblins, follow out the splore  
Till care lie napping;

When, syne, if we can get a lass in,  
That's gude and bonny wi' a blessin',  
Around whose heart love hotly hissin'  
Beams bright her e'e;  
Tell her she's get a gude night's kissin',  
At least, frae me:

For if I be not over drouthy,  
And she be ought like kind an' couthy,  
I keep as weel a gaun bit mouthy,  
As is atween us,  
*Et ergo*, ilka blythesome youthie,  
At last my frien' is

Failing among the fair creation,  
 (And *hope* will sport with every station,)
 I turn me next for consolation

To Leadhill wits,  
 Whom, I've been told, for information,  
 There's few o'erputs.

Then could we, o'er a flowing bowl,  
 But meet with some congenial soul,  
 Whose reason rises cheek for jowl  
 With subjects muddy,  
 Dark discontent far thence might growl,  
 Or seek a woodie!

But doubtless, uncle, you will think,  
 It's time to drop this drowsy clink—  
 This waste of paper, pen, and ink,  
 On opiates nice—  
 'Tis granted true; and in a blink,  
 I'm yours, Fordyce.

TO J—— W—— Esq.

*A transcript of, part, his Political Creed,*

AUGUST 1816.

O JOHNNIE lad,<sup>f</sup> for mony a day,  
Ye fought in Bonny's cause!  
And mony a time, nae doubt, was wae,  
When under Geordie's tauze.

When M—t—e and W——,  
Set out their ugly horns,  
The nettles that your sides made blue,  
Were straight turn'd into thorns.

Their B——'s, and their W——s,  
Were names made foul the air,  
Their P——'s, and their other Dons,  
Were little better ware;

Yet the bodies held their heads aboon  
Wi ribbons at their lug;  
“Huzza, the Despot is pu'd down,  
“Helena holds him snug!”

Frae Johnie Groats to the Land's en'  
 The creature's were ca'd clever,  
 And a' but ane, perhaps, in ten,  
 Cried, " Waterloo for ever!"

The glow-worm twinkle that did gleam  
 Frae C——'s dark lantern,  
 Sae dazzl'd men o' sense's e'en,  
 That few saw ruin cantrin  
 Hard at its heels.

But now that time has *douc'd the glim*,  
 And prov'd that heights have hollows,  
 Let us compare our notes wi' him,  
 And count the fruit that follows.

Imprimis then, when trade was good  
 And B—— at hame,  
 Our hungriest hounds could chew their cud  
 Aboon a packed wame.

Now speir at Glasgow, speir at Perth,  
 At Paisley, or Dundee,  
 If hunders on a fireless hearth,  
 Are no maist like to die!

Look round the market at a fair,  
 Ilk face is blue's a bell;  
 Ev'n Sawners Campbell squeaks dispair,\*  
 Because he winna sell!

Our farmer's that were wont to hail  
 The waiter, "Wine," or "Rum,"  
 Now seek a nook wi' rows an' ale,  
 Or lunt their cutty dumb.

Our wabster lads, whose rifts, *last year*,  
 Were loud as poorfolks f—ts,  
 Are growling like burnt whalps *this year*,  
 And livin' upon scarts.

The wright, that bought a plank frae you,  
 Maun haud wi' a sap-spail;  
 And, ev'n o' the best fir e'er grew,  
 Ye scarce can sell a deal!

One half o' Britain can't get work,  
 The ither can't get siller;  
 And black starvation is turn'd Turk  
 On a' except the miller.

\* A cant name for swine.

Our lairds and lords maun break their rent,  
 Or break the tenant's credit—  
 Tax-lifters stick by the auld stent,  
 And never ken they did it.

Taxation's pins are a' screw'd up,  
 A crediturom key;  
 And Cobbett says, the strings will snap—  
 The man may tell a lie;

Yet fortune's gale, our bark which bore  
 Aye safe, till war did cease,  
 Hath left us floundering on the shore,  
 Amidst the shoals of peace:

And, 'twixt us twa, our helmsmen ken  
 As little how to steer,  
 As does Lord Hyndford's peaca-hen,  
 The road leads to Desdeer!

Yon hollow truce which they patch'd up  
 Begins to jar already,  
 An' diel a head can guide the cup,  
 With "hand unerring steady."

The French are sick of *La' desire*;  
 The Austrians praise young Bonny;

And Russian Sawnie's brain's on fire  
 'Bout subsidiary money.

Her slaughter'd sons, all Europe mourn'd  
 With deep felt grief and care;  
 Yet, must regret the springs that turn'd  
 Her wheels when he was there:

Ambition's gore we must deplore,  
 Our hearts are not of stane;  
 But, ah! the times, loud, loudly chimes,  
 \* \* \* \* \*

TO MR. A\*\*\*\*\* W\*\*\*\*\*,

*Newton of Douglass,*

In answer to a Demi-Poetic effusion of his.

(WROTE FOR A FRIEND.)

MY worthy frien' I got your letter,  
It follows, therefore, I'm your debtor,  
As seeing, you must understand,  
The sack and kitten came to hand,  
As safe, as caller, hale and frisky,  
As ever I was drinking whisky;  
And, in my mind, a bonnier creature  
Would be a prodigy in nature:  
It's saftly sleek, and, like yoursel',  
As ony mustard it is fell.

Agreeable to your advice,  
(And it hath served me more than twice,)  
I pettled up young Baudrens wi'  
The very best that I could gie;  
No milk or whey hath she been lackin',  
But thriving like a very breken,  
O' a our meals she has a part;  
And it wad glad your worthy heart,

To see her spread her speckl'd breast,  
 For, trouth, she's grown a dainty beast;  
 And what d'ye think, the little brat  
 Wad fain already be a cat?

Nae far'er back than yesternight,  
 The poor thing was in piteous plight—  
 Her waefu' youtes brought frae some distance  
 A neighbour cat to her assistance;  
 When, lo! their notes, from simple squalling,  
 Advanc'd to downright caterwauling;  
 Through every new strung nerve advancing,  
 The tumult of desire was dancing;  
 And then she heav'd sic feverish fetches—  
 I plainly saw 'twas nature's twitches;  
 For having snuff'd and kiss'd awee,  
 They laid their half-raised tails agee,  
 And scouring out zig-zag thegither,  
 Began tig-tow wi' ane anither.

O nature, nature, lovely still,  
 Beyond the finest painter's skill!  
 How often have thy sacred laws  
 Been vilified without a cause?  
 Where thou hast leave to shape thy course,  
 Untrammel'd by misjudging force,

Thy unsophisticated sway  
 Can never lead the mind astray;  
 But man, vain man! in reason's pride,  
 Must needs presume thy steps to guide,  
 And how can such blindfold intrusion  
 Produce ought else than wild confusion?  
 While he, his blundering self to free,  
 Doth father every fault on thee.  
 Alas! what shifts must godlike reason  
 Employ, her little acts to blazon,  
 While silent nature's simple plan,  
 In pure progression, forms the man,  
 Who only genuine pleasure proves:  
 Then, pussie, follow out thy loves;  
 I never heard that your profession  
 Brought cats for kissing to the Session!\*

So much for puss. But Andrew, trust,  
 You overrate my pickle dust:  
 I like a gratefu' hearted chiel,  
 And mutual gifts are friendship's steel,  
 Whereby the sparks of love, with ease,  
 Are call'd into a kindly blaze;  
 Yet puff too much about a trifle,  
 And, haply, we the flame may stifle.

\* W\*\*\*\*\* was an elder in the church.

Be then thy tongue restrain'd, my buck,  
 And I shall wish your grumphy's luck;  
 Tho', to say truth, I think them creatures  
 That rather wear forbiding features.

I doubtna but ye've read langsyne,  
 How Satan enter'd in the swine;  
 And really somefolk hereabout;  
 Begin to think he's hardly out!  
 They have sae mony filthy laits,  
 An' are sae fu' o' thievish gaits,  
 That it hath ne'er a wonder been  
 To me, that they were nam'd *unclean*;  
 Or that we're warn'd by holy quorum,  
 Never to cast our *pearls* afore 'em!  
 The famous Thankertonian sow,  
 Whose fame has flown a' Scotland through;\*  
 Thought nought to tak' a watch and swallow't  
 As easy as a 'tatoe bullet!  
 Therefore, when ye approach their snout,  
 I rede ye, keep a sharp look out:  
*Sawners* and I are thickest, whan  
 I hear him *skreiching i' the pan*.

\* In allusion to the lines on a sow pulling a man's watch from his pocket, which was published in the Glasgow Chronicle, &c. at the time.

As for Tam Paine—Lord rest his saul!  
 He's gone where mercy smiles on all,  
 And half his doctrines, by his side,  
 Are sailing down oblivion's tide:  
 But, tho' no dispute I'll begin  
 Wi' you, a tabernacle pin,  
 I'll tell you what—I like the quirk  
 That sav'd langsyne the Glasgow kirk.

When reformation led the fashion,  
 And down ilk Popish dome was dashin',  
 The Glasgow kirk, ae day of grace,  
 Began to totter on its base;  
 For popish rites had stain'd the place,  
 And down it must, reform to grace!  
 Among the crowd, ae wylie wight  
 Did hate the Pope wi' a' his might,  
 Yet thought the kirk might stand full rigget,  
*Till they could get anither bigget—*  
 The mob, weel pleas'd, drew back a bit—  
 They left the kirk—it's stan'in' yet!

The moral's easy understood:  
 Be our religion ill or good,  
 It's best to stick by its strict letter,  
 At least, till we can get a better.

TO MR. A. J. H\*\*\*\*\*,

*Surgeon in the Hon. the East India Company's  
Service.*

IF the shy Lady Muse, that has erst been my  
pride,  
Will but deign to jogg with me a page, side by side,  
You shall find, my dear Areal flatt'ry apart,  
That the hussie can dictate to both head and heart  
That the fancy which floats where her councils di-  
rect,  
Can be moulded in measure with friendly respect;  
And her vagaries wild, which were wont to roam  
free,  
Can be chain'd in affection's fond prayer for thee.

You will readily spare me my journey's recital;  
Suffice it to say, that I'm home right and tight all,  
As heartily sick of the *horse-couping* craft  
As a freshwater mariner toss'd on a raft;  
And as willing to mount on my auld sticks again,  
As yon Frenchman to sell thee his trinkets of bane:

For the which, by the way, we must tender our  
thanks—

Davie, Bell, and myself, all quite proud of sheep-  
shanks!

Bell declares that her spoons are worth gold to a  
wife,

And I never saw Davie so high in my life;  
Tho', betwixt us, I fear much the sly little fox  
Will be forc'd to take snuff to get showing his box!  
For myself, by your present I trust to get rich—  
You are fairly aware of my scribbling itch:  
It's a malady sunk beyond hope of a cure,  
But your kindness a palli'tive puts in my power,  
As, in moulding my paper to every size,  
Pope himself might have own'd that your knife was  
a prize,

While in slips, chips, and corners, so saving I'll be,  
Even that rag-sparing lad shall be rival'd by me.\*  
Having thus, for your gifts, made acknowledgments  
due,

I would next, in the ardour of friendship for you,  
Give, guides to life's journey, a maxim or two,  
I am neither afraid of your head nor your heart,  
But example's contagion may prompt a base part;  
I shall therefore be bold in didactics to deal—  
It's a dangerous walk, but, if list to my tale,

\* Send it to paper-sparing Pope.—Vide DEAN SWIFT.

Seniority's mine, and you'll see in a trice,  
That a fool may sometimes give to wisdom advice.

Tho' the chatter of fools, and the Sectary's cant,  
May batter religion till honesty want,  
Yet its neither the fool nor the Sectary's zeal,  
That the stings of a guilt-lashing conscience can  
heal.

I would therefore premise, say, in trudging life's road,  
That in private you oft correspond with your God!  
This will teach to be honest and love one another—  
What wretch ere could pray when defrauding his  
brother?

Benevolence hence will lit-up her bright flame,  
And warm charity lisp o'er the sufferer's name;  
These are virtue's, my boy, you believe may the  
Bard,  
That will seldom e're fail to bring home their re-  
ward.

Let me next recommend persevering attention,  
That's due, as a debt, to each line you can mention:  
The one you have chosen hath ever laid claim  
To a niche in the portals of fortune and fame,  
For, besides Hippocrates and Gallen of old,  
There are hundreds whose names have been proud-  
ly enroll'd:

The road is before you—your march may be slow,  
 But, I beg you, for God's sake! all quack'ry forego—  
 There is nothing on earth so disfigures a man  
 As the puffs and the squibs of that villanous clan!

Though it is not in mortals success to command,  
 We may say on what ground hope makes permanent stand;

There is much may depend on your knowledge of  
 man—

A Physician must oft feel more pulses than one,  
 And, in suiting himself to nineteen in a score,  
 Has to flatter with life e'en when death's at the door!  
 But though in some cases this needful may be,  
 Be it done in a way keeps integrity free—  
 The modest practitioner, wrapt up in merit,  
 Will conscience and custom most likely inherit;  
 Be the world as it will, say as bad as you can,  
 Ev'n villians would deal with an honest-like man.

When life dances young, and warm spirits attend,  
 Much, much on the choice of your friends may depend;

(For the world has a notion, from which it won't  
 part,  
 That "Like draws to like," both in conduct and  
 heart,)

'Tis then that her signet is deepest imprest,  
 But earliest friendships not always are best.  
 At school or at college, a similar taste  
 For mischief, for study, or talent run waste,  
 Will oft make a fond, an infatuate pair,  
 Believe that they could not breathe separate air!  
 Alas! let the rising concussions of fame,  
 The jostlings of interest or passion inflame,  
 And the rainbow, evanishing 'midst of the shower,  
 Not more will be found the fleet child of an hour,  
 While the habits, the vice, with his breath you  
     suck'd in,  
 Will stick to you close as the Ethiop's skin,

In your estimate, then, of companion or friend,  
 Endeavour to penetrate deeper than rind—  
 A graceful exterior may be of use  
 When opinion runs riot, and sanctions abuse,  
 But the world is shut out—all her frip'ry gives way  
 When friendship holds high intellectual sway,  
 And the heart of your friend, tho' but roughly en-  
     cas'd,

Is the measure by which you felicity taste:  
 It is not the parasite's poisoning tale,  
 It is not the canvass outspread for each gale,

But the helmsman of *reason*, to tack and to steer,  
That is to your bosom, or ought to be, dear!

On shipboard your circle will doubtless be small,  
And therefore the band must be thrown over *all*,  
While, but for the sake of a social fireside,  
Perhaps there are some you had better avoid.  
Circumspection must therefore mount guard in your  
front;

For who can take fire in his bosom unburnt?  
Or mix in the puddle, adhesive to stain,  
And still have his garments unspotted remain?  
Your danger, however, will not be so great  
From sea-faring bluntness, as more polish'd state;  
And politeness may pay from urbanity's store,  
Without setting open your own bosom's core.

Should e'er disappointment becloud your brow,  
Or cankering care seek to silver your *pore*,  
There yet is another, a potent charm,  
Your soul to soothe, and the demon disarm.  
Like rainbow tints on the bower of spring,  
Like pearly dew on the laveret's wing,  
Like waterfall on the breeze of night,  
Now still, now deep, and now sweeping light,  
Yet ever attuning to soft delight;

So falls, on passion's chill bendless ice,  
 The soothing tones of sweet woman's voice!  
 Then, ah! be sure, if a heart you find,  
 Softly sensitive, sweetly kind,  
 Never to wring, by neglect or disdain,  
 Or sport with, or turn from that heart again!

Sailors are pictur'd incontinent, wild,  
 Still buying the smiles of misfortune's child,  
 In every port, where their keel doth touch:  
 But little they think, that by loving too much,  
 The tone of feeling must break, must fall,  
 Till sunk unable to love at all;  
 Faint, and more faintly it touches the mind,  
 Till scarcely a trace is left behind,  
 And the weary waste, showing bleak and bare,  
 Yields nothing but reckless, rayless care!

When prestine vigour the soul expands,  
 And love links joy in her silken bands,  
 Day urges day, and night steals on night,  
 All gay with visions of young delight;  
 But, the holy charm of fidelity fled,  
 O hard is the pillow of nuptial bed!  
 In vain the blaze of the banquet burns,  
 In vain the eye on variety turns;

All cloy'd, all sated, he seeks in vain  
 For pristine vigour and peace again;  
 And happiness fled him, too late he finds,  
 She dwells but with constant congenial minds.

To Areal's heart, leal, and light as air,  
 I need hardly pronounce an *emphatic* BEWARE!  
 But if ever temptation, in Indian climes,  
 Should lead you to think on the Bardie now chimes,  
 Cone o'er the advice his good wishes prepar'd—  
 I conclude with assurance of highest regard.

*Wrote on the Hill above Enterkin,*

A WILD PASS IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF THE LOUTHERS.

HILLS on hills stupendous rise,  
Hills on hills salute the skies,  
Hills on every side are seen;  
Scarce a fertile spot between.

Among those dingles dread and deep,  
Gayly feeds the mountain sheep;  
Sportive lambs around them play—  
Fancy paints a distant day,

When those dells that intervene  
Shelter gave to robbers keen—  
Fierce banditta, whose dark deeds  
The peaceful swain with horror reads.

Blessed change! Our sober times  
Know not such unrully crimes:  
So secure our flocks now feed,  
The *Ca'* would scarcely lift their heads.

Still, among that lawless crew,  
Deeds were done might shame us now—  
Wild romantic trust and love—  
Courage calm, that nought could move,

Scorn of wrong, and vengeance dread,  
If sanction'd not by mountain-creed;  
And generous acts, turns avarice pale,  
Were found 'mong thieves of Annandale!

Go, ye gallows dreading knaves!  
Go, ye law-restrained slaves!  
And learn to mix, with maudlin merit,  
Some portion of this thievish spirit.

## Songs.

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### *The Maid's Mind—plain dealing.*

SHALL I live and love another?

Shall I still that other see?

Can I live and love another,

Yet gae marry, lad, wi' thee?

O gae o'er your suit then Jamie,

For, the truth I only tell,

Its the lad that I can marry

I maun love him like mysel'.

You have made my frien's consent,

A' the frien's that I respect;

You have made my frien's consent,

And my heart I think they'll break!

That's no the gaet o't Jamie,

It will never do d'ye see;

For the lad that I can marry,

He maun first gae spier at me.

Did these friends through life me carry,  
O, perhaps, it might do well;  
But the lass that gangs to marry,  
She maun marry for hersel';  
And though numbers may miscarry,  
Yet, we surely must confess,  
She's a fool who does not marry  
Where she hopes maist happiness.

*Kiss my fast, my Mither's comin'.*

BLYTHE Jockie's arms, a fond embrace,  
Were twin'd around young Jenny's waist—  
A fairer form, a finer face;  
A sweeter lip he ne'er will taste;  
A kinder, truer, warmer heart,  
Beat never in the breast of woman:  
Soft it seem'd to sigh apart,  
“ Kiss me fast, my mither's comin'!”

The yellow broom-wood gently wav'd,  
The foggy couch that held their heads,  
The breeze of evening softly lav'd  
The lovely pair with pearly beads—  
The still retreat of gloamin' grey,  
Broke by vesper beetle bumin';  
Time and place, all seem'd to say,  
“ Kiss me fast, my mither's comin'.”

The glowing blush of parting day  
Was pale, compar'd with Jenny's check,  
As on her Jocky's breast she lay;  
And drank the vows he scarce could speak—

Her heaving bosom's quicker play,  
Love and hope around did summon,  
Forcing each soft sigh to say,  
“ Kiss me fast, my mither's comin',”

## TINTO BONFIRE

*Wrote at the Celebration of a Fete, given on the  
top of Tinto, in honour of the Allies entering  
Paris, March 1814.*

SONS of toil! happy met, loyal hearts good and true!  
Let a nation this night to afar speak by you  
See the beacon arise, see our bonfire increase;  
It's the hope—it's wish of a people for peace!

### CHORUS.

All hail, sweet peace! may thy reign rise around!  
May the hopes of thy people successful be crown'd!  
May the advocates of war melt away before they  
smile,  
And thy green olive wreath long encircle our Isle!

On this mountain our altars were raised of yore;  
In this *temple* our forefathers God did adore,  
*Holy fire*\* here to blaze, night or day did not cease;  
Can the spot be profan'd by the pure flame of peace?

No!—Hail, sweet peace, &c.

\* From the name of the hill—from vestages of wood being found near the top, and a Druid's Temple, almost entire, on one of it's skirting hillocks; there can be little doubt but what it was formerly a place of worship.

O'er the tomb of some hero we doubtless do stand,  
 Whose *cairn*\* hath been heap'd by warm gratitude's  
     hand;

Will his shade not rejoice, on our smoke's curling  
     fleece,

That we vanquish'd our foes at the last and made  
     peace.

Yes!—Hail sweet peace, &c.

In the ' Garb of old Gaul' we the world long defy'd;  
 To the sons of proud Gaul we the world long deny'd!  
 Yet the *manes* of our heroes to sing will not cease,  
 That we fought, and we bled still, for honour and  
     peace.

Then hail sweet peace, &c.

But when anarchy's madness in tyranny ends,  
 And when tyranny's bulwarks to liberty bends;  
 When Europe is free, and her bells joyous chime,  
 It is then that the hearts of her people thinks time  
     To hail sweet peace, &c.

\* According to the erudite Chalmers, Cairns are uniformly found to be the burying place of departed warriors.

# NOTES

## TO

### A COUNTRY WEDDING.

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1 *Fair Katie's flitting slowly led.* To the greater part of my readers this Poem will need no explanation; but should it ever fall into the hands of any person not altogether acquainted with the details of a Country Wedding, it may not be improper to observe, that a country bride, full of that confidence which is the soul of love, always sends the whole of her property to the bridegroom, on the day or morning before their marriage.

2 *Aunt Rachel's mounted on Martin's aiver.* The "flitten" is generally attended by some maiden aunt, married sister, or other respectable relation of the bride, whose business is to show off her "providing," distribute the presents, make up the bridegroom's beds, &c.

3 *What a sackfu' lint!* A country girl makes it her study to lay up as much as possible of that article against the day of her marriage. The produce of a forpet of seed, every year, is, at least, laid bye: and the first thing she does, after settled in her own house, is to set about spinning a linen web.

4 *Take care of that tub for the pigry's in't.* Considerable importance is attached to the giving and receiving of presents on bridal occasions. Some little articles of stone ware are generally resorted to, as a cheap and ready token of esteem. Hence, if the party be beloved and respectable, she has always a large collection of *pigs*; which, for fault of a better package, are frequently put in the washing-tub—an indispensable appendage. The arranging of these in the shelf and cupboard, forms part of Aunt Rachel's business. I had forgot to say, that breaking of pigs is sometimes looked on with a kind of superstitious eye, as betokening evil.

5 *If the beds were made, then a' is ready.* Much exertion is made by the humble bride to muster up a sufficient quantity of bed-clothes, from eight to twelve pair of blankets is about the ordinary run, and the bridal bed must be decked with an enormous weight of the finest and the best of them.

6 *An' here's twa sarks frae the Holland reed.* The bridegroom and bestman are each presented with a shirt by the bride, in which the wedding is to be held. "The Holland reed," is a phrase, used by some old women, to denote strong well made cloth—strong like *Hollands*.

7 *Send the sign away,*  
*An' see that your bra' white wand be peel'd.* Two or three of the bridegroom's particular friends are dispatched, some minutes before the rest of the company, to apprise the bride's party of the bridegroom's approach; from which they are named the Sign or Sene. The custom is still imperative of first kissing the bride, and then all the rest of the women present in succession. The "white wand," is commonly a sprig of willow or hazel, stripped of its bark, and carried by the bridegroom till married, when he hands it to one in the company whom he thinks most likely to be next in the same situation. I have not been able to trace the origin of this.

8 *Again their wit at his expence would glance.* The bridegroom is treated with very little ceremony on the morning of his wedding, as seen above. If he has the courage to rally again, a good field is opened for the display of rustic pleasantry.

9 *Now they are join'd let the broesers ply.* It is deemed a great honour to him who gets first to the bridegroom's house, besides contributing much to the amusement of the day. Hence, there are always numbers ready to spirit on a contest. This is productive of many a good race, as all eyes are upon them, (the law of broeses not permitting to start till the parties are declared married persons,) and the point of honour, when once engaged, not permitting them to yield. The cook meets the first at the door with a *laddleful* of *broe*, or broth, which he must taste, and leave a shilling in the laddle—hence the name *broes*.

10 *Here comes the bottle and the glass.* The gainer of the *broe* gets a bottle of whisky, and coming back till he meets the bride, his health is drank by the whole company; doubtless the most gratifying part of his reward.

11 *See that the bread and the cheese be ready.* A lunch of bread and cheese is broke over her head standing in the threshold. It seems uncertain whether this ceremony be meant emblematical of plenty or a propitiatory sacrifice to the presiding Deities. From the old song, am rather inclined to think the first:

This is no mine ain house,  
 I ken't by the biggen o't,  
 There's bread an' cheese in my door cheeks,  
 And pancakes i'the riggen o't!

A small piece, put below the head at night, never fails to procure

pleasant dreams, likely of them we love—this quality, of course, gives an interest to the scene, and produces a bustle, a confusion, and competition truly laughable.

12 *Her auld gudcmither presents her the keys.* The insignia of office and authority. The ceremonies that follow are probably initiatory, or to remind the young gudewife, that her chief business is with these articles, in the way of cookery and economy.

13 *Wi' "you're welcome hame."* The name of a tune played before the bride on approaching her own house:

Ye been lang awa,  
I thought lang to see thee,  
Nine nights awa,  
Welcome hame my dearie!

14 *Mind the rump is her ain.* That part of the tail which remains with the hind quarter, always set before the bride.

15 *These are attention's Anne's own conduct claim'd.* In the interim between dinner and drawing the table, the author has sometimes seen a battery erected with little crumbs of bread, &c. frequently begun by some waggish girl who hath 'drunk assurance from the eye of him her heart elected for its love.' It is always done in a watching, sly manner, so that the person hit may not see by whom. Nevertheless the ringleaders are mostly found out, and generally well paid in kind.

16 *Join hands across and let the kebers ring.* The ceremony here, though not exactly the same, is nearly similar to that mentioned, at the "Real Highland Wedding Feast."—Notes to Clan-albin.—The fidler generally plays during the dinner, though not any thing particularly appropriated to the occasion. At the word *Amen*, "Every one crosses his arms on his breast, and gives a hand to his right and his left hand neighbour." The verse pointed off in the text is sung in full chorus, "The entwined arms swong with abundant violence;" and the conclusion greeted with a strong clapping of hands. This is repeated three times, and the party rise to prepare for dancing. The other verse is added merely to justify the name 'Anthem.'

17 *The bride's reel this.* The dance is generally opened by the bride, bestman, and maidens &c. of course the first reel is named the bride's.

18 *The great punch bowl snug in its corner plac'd.* The punch-bowl is placed in a corner of the barn, set round with deal seats, which are replaced in succession by the different parties of dancers, as they become fatigued and weary for a toothfu'.

19

*But custom is pressing,*

*That Bob-at'e-bowster be danced ere you go.* This is a custom "More honour'd in the breach than the observance." The bestman takes a pocket-handkerchief, and after cutting a number of capers round the barn, to a particular tune, catches a girl, kisses her, and gives her the handkerchief. She must follow him round the barn, and then throw it at another man—he kisses her, follows round the ring, and then takes up another woman—moving round in a circle, and repeating this till the whole is in motion. Some one is then placed in the middle, and the circle reduced by the same process.

20 *Now Kate, by my trowth, ye have gien him a cowl.* It is the bride's province to furnish the bridegroom's wedding night-cap, from the cloth of her bodice, or stays. He, in return, has to send her a pair of pockets from his wedding coat; in which must be a Bible, and a bit of each of the different current coins of the realm—an excellent purse-penny during the married state.

21 In honour of the Author's originality, he has to observe, that this poem was wrote some months before the publication of the Edinburgh Magazine, Nos. 2d and 3d, of which, began such an animated description of a Country Wedding. It is to be regretted that the description was not finished by one seemingly so well fitted for the task—it might have superseded the necessity, or materially assisted in the formation of these notes. The greatest difference I observed was in the treatment of the *broes*, or *broos*, as there spelt. Perhaps both are right, allowing for the difference of *custom* in Covington, and the "famous parish of Woolenhorn."

THE END.

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